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which have been specially thanked by Sir Douglas Haig, performed wonders. It was a signal defeat, and the Germans suffered so terribly that they have made no infantry attacks since on a large scale. Their reports are significant. When the wireless is jammed, the Germans are dammed.

While attention is naturally concentrated on the incessant battles on the Western Front, our steady and successful progress in Mesopotamia should not be forgotten. General Marshall after long and careful preparation has been advancing of late rapidly north of Bagdad on the main road to Mosul. At Kifri, captured on April 27, the retreating Turks were caught by our cavalry. The next day they forced a passage 20 miles north of it; and on the 29th our infantry secured the town of Tuz Khurmatli. By Tuesday last, our pursuing troops had reached the Tark river, 125 miles north-east of Bagdad, secured a large amount of war material, and 1,800 prisoners.

"NOTHING is more evident than that the Good of the Nation hath been sacrificed to the Animosities of the Several Contending Parties: and without entering into the dispute which of them are more or less in the right, it is pretty sure that whilst these Opposite Sets of Angry Men are playing at Football, they will break all the windows, and do more hurt than their pretended zeal for the Nation will ever make amends for."

HALIFAX.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

With the Germans attacking in more than one place at once, and sometimes over fronts of some miles, the tide of battle has been wavering to and fro, though of late the enemy's effort has slackened during the week-end, or has been broken down by the valiant resistance of the Allies. The news on Friday in last week of the loss of Mount Kemmel and the failure to recover it by a counter-attack was far from pleasant, for this is one of the series of important hills on which the safety of our Ypres salient depends. On Thursday last Villers-Bretonneaux was retaken by our forces, mainly owing to a brilliant Australian attack, and the Germans have been unable to make further advances in the region of Hangard. Their latest attempts on Amiens are checked, and fighting in this neighbourhood has become of secondary importance compared with the attempts to follow up the taking of Mount Kemmel by advances on a wide front beyond and on each side of it.

In this sector there has been furious fighting, directed especially against Vormezeele, some three miles off Ypres, La Clyte just beyond Kemmel, and Loore south of the same height. The last-named was taken by the Germans after a fourth assault but recovered by the French, and has changed hands more than once. Vormezeele was similarly captured and retaken by our men, who secured some hundreds of prisoners. On Sunday the Germans made no gain of importance, and on Monday they were heavily smashed on the eleven mile line from Zillebeke near Ypres to Meteren. In a battle which lasted with the utmost violence from early morning till after dark some 100,000 men were held and lung back again and again. Our line was even improved. The French and our Divisions, several of

German agents have of course been trying to make mischief between Japan, Russia, America, and China. The speech of Baron Goto, the new Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, affirms in statesmanlike language that the change of Ministry has not changed Japan's foreign policy. That policy is based on the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, concluded by Lord Lansdowne, and the Lansing-Ishii Notes, exchanged at Washington last October, in which, amongst other friendly agreements, Japan's special interests in China are recognised. Baron Goto says, "we have given a guarantee to maintain the peace of the Far East. We have done so. We have cleared the enemy from the Pacific and from the Indian Ocean. Our ships of war are in the Mediterranean, in the Pacific, and in the Indian Ocean. Our ships of commerce are, within all reasonable measure of our resources, lent to the Allies for their use."

The "shock" appointment does not do in diplomacy, however it may succeed in the Air Service or in other Government departments. Sir Cecil Spring Rice was grievously affected by the manner in which he was pushed out to make way for Lord Reading at Washington: and Lord Bertie cannot have been exactly gratified by the suddenness of Lord Derby's appointment to Paris. In both cases the "shock" was softened by the title "Extraordinary" tacked on to the Ambassadorship, but these abrupt manners are quite new in the diplomatic world, though we suppose it is the fashion of democracy. Considering Lord Bertie's valuable services, and the fact that Mr. Asquith had asked him to "carry on" till the end of the war, his Embassy should not have been requisitioned at a moment's notice to accommodate a ministerial crisis in London.

That Lord Derby should wish to escape from the War Office, and indeed to get out of politics altogether, is the most natural thing in the world. But why he should accept the Paris Embassy, though it is the Blue Riband of Diplomacy, is a mystery, for life in a foreign capital to a man fond of racing and shooting must be an unmitigated bore. In 1862 the Greeks offered their Crown to Lord Stanley, the uncle of the new Ambassa-

dor, and Disraeli wrote to Mrs. Brydges Williams: "It is a dazzling adventure for the House of Stanley, but they are not an imaginative race, and I fancy they will prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon, and Lancashire to the Attic plain." They did, and most people will think they were right. But it is amusing to speculate what would have happened if "Eddy Stanley" had been on Tino's throne at the opening of the war.

All this unpleasant fuss about General Trenchard may be traced to the appointment of Lord Rothermere as Air Minister. Lord Rothermere is a shrewd man, who has made a great deal of money out of newspapers, probably under the tuition of his brother Alfred. He knows and can know nothing of air-machines, which is a highly technical subject. Mr. Lloyd George wanted to soothe the ruffled plumage of Lord Northcliffe, and therefore he made his brother a peer, and offered him the post of Air Minister, which Alfred the Great had spurned. It mattered nothing to Mr. Lloyd George that Lord Rothermere knew nothing of the business: but the men who did know the business refused to take their orders from an amateur—that is what it all comes to. There is a great deal of disgraceful quarrelling and jealously going on in the Air Service, which wants repressing by a strong hand.

The discussion in the House on Monday on the resignation of General Trenchard from his Air Service post was composed of the repetition of gossip, and even Sir Edward Carson contributed some hearsay testimony, though we should have thought he, at least, was aware that "what the soldier said was not evidence." The Government are perfectly entitled to dismiss, or change, or accept the resignation of, an officer, and the House of Commons is perfectly in its right to criticise the Government's conduct. But when members of Parliament accept commissions, they must submit to the ordinary rules of discipline, and Lord Hugh Cecil and Sir Harry Verney criticising Military or Naval or Air appointments, in or out of uniform, committed an impropriety. Unless this rule is enforced, it is obvious that a member of Parliament has an unfair advantage over his brother officers. Nothing did Mr. Winston Churchill so much harm as his playing at being a colonel for a few months, and then when he was tired of it, returning to his place on the front Opposition bench.

Of all the scandals of official extravagance, not the most costly, but the most ludicrous, is the spending of the taxpayers' money in financing theatrical tours in Sweden and Holland. From a correspondence published in the *Morning Post* of Wednesday it is established that Lord Beaverbrook's deputy did promise to assist with public money Mr. Grein in "the organisation of tours of English players in Holland and the Scandinavian countries"; the Ministry of Information "will provide facilities for travelling and will defray other expenses." If Lord Beaverbrook would personally conduct a tour through Scandinavia and Holland, and grin through a horse-collar for the amusement of Dutch and Swedish boors, we should not object. The sight of a British nobleman could not fail to impress these surly neutrals with an idea of our majesty: but we think Lord Beaverbrook should pay his "Exs" out of his salary.

In the *Saturday Review* of 13th April we stated that England had not delivered in March more than a third of the coal with which we had undertaken to supply Italy. This statement was not correct, as we are informed on the best authority that the full supplies promised were despatched during the month. It is satisfactory to know that England is able to supply the monthly wants of Italy, but the prospect of having our rations of coal cut down next winter is not gay. It is admitted that there is a steady absenteeism of about 33 per cent. per diem among the colliers. Is this due to laziness, or to the fact that there is no railway transport? If the community is to be kept short of coal owing to the idleness of the colliers, why should not compulsion

be applied? There is no reason why coal-getters should do exactly as they like, when everybody else is being compelled to do something they don't like.

The Government intend to proceed (so we are informed) with their Home Rule Bill framed on the lines of the Majority Report, reserving of course to the Crown (i.e., the Imperial Government) the control of the Naval and Military Forces. The Ulster Unionists will oppose it, and the Nationalists will refuse to vote for or against it. Thus a Bill which all the Irish members reject is to be passed by English and Scotch members. It will, in short, be a dummy Bill laid on the table, to redeem Mr. Lloyd George's pledge, and to please the Americans. Is not this reducing Government to a farce? And will the six North Eastern Counties be omitted or coerced?

The opposition of the Roman Catholic priesthood to conscription in Ireland has caused searchings of the heart to many loyal British Catholics, and Sir Mark Sykes, Lord Denbigh, and others (under pseudonyms) have written to *The Times* expressing their disapproval. With all respect, what Sir Mark Sykes and Lord Denbigh think of the matter is not of much importance. The question is whether the Vatican has authorised, directly or indirectly, the action of the Irish priesthood. It is all very well for these gentlemen to say that they do not believe that the Pope has anything to do with it; but certain facts are notorious. It is notorious that Austria and Bavaria are the strongholds of the Roman Church in Europe; that the Pope has not explicitly and authoritatively condemned the "frightfulness" of German armies; and that opposition to conscription has come from those parts of Ireland, Canada, and Australia where the Papists are in a majority.

Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., Recorder of Sunderland, and one of the Liberal members for Newcastle, has been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Duke will involve his virtue in the judicial ermine, and try to forget he has ever been in Ireland. What is the meaning of this appointment? Whatever may be Mr. Shortt's reputation on the North Eastern Circuit or in the Temple, he is quite unknown in politics; and we should have thought the Government had learned that an English lawyer, however clever, is a dangerous experiment in the Chief Secretary's Office. Perhaps the appointment may mean a reversion to the old system by which the Chief Secretary was distinctly a subordinate, and merely represented the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone departed from this system by appointing Mr. W. E. Forster and Mr. John Morley Chief Secretaries for Ireland with seats in the Cabinet; and the practice was continued by Lord Salisbury in the persons of his nephews, Messrs. Arthur and Gerald Balfour, and of Mr. George Wyndham.

When the Chief Secretary is a statesman of the first rank with a seat in the Cabinet, it is he who governs Ireland, and the Lord Lieutenant becomes a figurehead. Is it proposed to continue or to reverse the Gladstonian system? Three names have been mentioned as probable successors of Lord Wimborne, viz., Lord Midleton, Lord Londonderry, and Lord Shaftesbury. Three weeks ago we should have said that Lord Midleton had an indisputable claim, as an experienced statesman of Cabinet rank, and as the head of a family that has been honourably connected with the Government and the land of Ireland for over two centuries. But recent events have shaken our confidence in Lord Midleton's judgment of Irish polities. Lord Midleton, together with Sir Horace Plunkett, recommended us to accept the "safeguards" in the Home Rule scheme of the Majority Report.

If there is one point clearly established by the events of the last fortnight it is that no safeguards are worth a rap when you are dealing with Nationalists, Sinn Feiners, or priests. In the Home Rule Act of 1914 the

control of the Naval and Military Forces was reserved to the Crown, and this reservation was accepted by the Nationalists, who now oppose Conscription. What is the use of a 40 per cent. Unionist representation "guaranteed" by Messrs. Dillon and Devlin? "We like not the security." That Lord Midleton should have been taken in by the Constitutional Nationalists is almost a disqualification for the Viceroyalty. Lord Shaftesbury, another of the candidates, has a property in the north of Ireland, in Donegal, and has very pleasant manners; but he has little political experience.

Lord Londonderry has the advantages of youth, a House of Commons training, and a splendid historical connection with Ireland. Castlereagh and Pitt carried the Union, which they would have made a complete political success had they not been thwarted by the insane bigotry of George III. It was the intention of these two statesmen to treat the three religious denominations on equal and identical terms; but, of course, the old king ruined all their plans. The late Lord Londonderry was a very popular viceroy, and his son made a real impression on all parties in the Convention by his commonsense, breadth of view, and toleration of opponents. One cannot, however, imagine Lord Londonderry consenting to be a figurehead.

The Red Cross pearl necklace bids fair to be as famous as the diamond necklace which got poor Marie Antoinette and the Cardinal de Rohan into such trouble. There are, we understand, to be 1,500 pearls, of varying quality, naturally, but we suppose that when completed the necklace will be worth about £100,000, perhaps more. There is but one woman who can wear such a necklace, if we may say so without national vanity, namely, the Queen of England. Would it not be a good idea for the women of the Empire to subscribe their florins (the coin of the decimalists and the future), to buy the necklace, and present it to Queen Mary as a Crown Jewel, and so to become a national heirloom? Otherwise it will hang on the neck of "the Army Contractor's only Daughter," which is rather absurd.

The exemption of the Co-operative Stores from the payment of income-tax is admitted by everybody to be indefensible; and the case is not answered by the rather rude letter which we publish in our Correspondence. The reason no M.P. will take the matter up is that the Central Co-operative Society in Manchester has such a large number of branches that there is hardly a town or village without one. The Central Co-operative Society is registered under the Provident and Industrial Societies Act: but according to a correspondent, whose letter we published last week, it acts as banker to a great many Trade Unions, it has bought tea plantations in the East, and it embarks on tea speculations in Mincing Lane. We are certain that these operations are *ultra vires* and beyond the scope of a Provident or Industrial Society. If no private member dares to bell the cat (being afraid of the cat's claws in the form of votes), will not the Chancellor of the Exchequer take the matter up?

A fact that has always puzzled us is the indifference of the 60 Metropolitan members to the grievances of Londoners. Take the case of the Income-Tax Surveyors. The exemptions and abatements of income-tax are now so numerous and complicated that the surveyors are overwhelmed with work, and cannot possibly deal with the applicants, except after long delays. The surveyors are generally lodged in an obscure position, up three or four flights of stairs, in small offices, staffed by boys and girls. The London public have a right to demand that the surveyors of income-tax shall be lodged in conspicuous and convenient offices, with an adequate staff. Seeing the army of officials, many of them admitted to be superfluous, that swarm in Whitehall, some of these clerks should be drafted into the offices of the income-tax surveyors. Most of the applicants for income-tax relief are women, and many of

them are ignorant and poor persons. Worn out and puzzled by dilatory correspondence, or disgusted by waiting in dirty offices, many of them pay the tax in full.

We say advisedly, and without compunction, that large numbers of people are swindled and bullied into paying more income-tax than they are legally liable for, and that the Inland Revenue ought to be ashamed of collecting taxes by such methods. Here is a chance for a London member to make his seat safe by taking up a genuine grievance! One of the worst cases of income-tax meanness is the making disabled officers' pensions chargeable as unearned income. To a man who has risked his life in the trenches, and who has come home wounded, without an arm or a leg or an eye, or paralysed by a shot in the spine, a grateful country gives a small pension, and then deducts the tax from it as unearned income! It is difficult to know how he could have earned income by greater sacrifice. Yet the £400 a year which the member of Parliament receives for dawdling about the lobbies is treated as earned income.

The shareholders of the Grand Trunk railway of Canada are naturally indignant at their treatment by the Dominion Government; but they seem very innocent of the ways of democracy in our colonies, for their experience is pretty much the same as that of the Midland Railway of Western Australia. The Grand Trunk railway was begun 66 years ago by British capitalists, and with the exception of a trifling loan of five millions, it has been constructed entirely by British money to the tune of 88 millions sterling. The cost of labour and coal has resulted in a very heavy loss for the past year, though the increase in traffic was enormous. The Grand Trunk chairman, Mr. Smithers, has spent some six months in Canada trying to get from the Dominion Government permission to raise their rates so as to meet the interest on their Preference Stocks.

The Canadian Government offer a 15 per cent. increase of rates, which would pay 1½ per cent. on the First Preference, nothing on the Second Preference, and, of course, nothing on the Ordinary Stock; or, in the alternative, to buy the railway at the rubbish price of the stocks as reduced by the war. It will be remembered that the British and American Governments, in taking over the railways, have guaranteed the stockholders' dividends based on a three years' average from 1913 backwards. What makes the Grand Trunk people so angry is that the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern railways have received enormous subsidies of money and lands from Dominion Governments, and are now better off than themselves, it being stated that the C.P.R. is in a position to pay 10 per cent. on its ordinary stock. The explanation, of course, is that the C.P.R. and the Great Northern were promoted by Canadians, and are directed by Canadians, who have a very decided "pull" in Canadian politics.

Those who are acquainted with the facts of the late Lord Strathcona's life know that he made one of the largest fortunes of modern times out of the C.P.R.; and that he transferred his allegiance at Ottawa from Liberal to Conservative Governments according to the sums of money he could squeeze out of them for his railway. If you want to see the set of men who run and rule Canada, go into the Mount Royal Club at Montreal at lunch-time, and you will find them at the C.P.R. round table. The Mackenzie group, who promoted the Great Northern, to some extent dispute this sovereignty; but nothing ever passes these two groups that is worth having in Canada. Such is the result of "lobbying" and "wire-pulling" in democratic countries. The Canadians and Australians at the front are splendid soldiers; but their politicians are for the most part corrupt. The moral for British shareholders is, don't put your money into any Colonial railway unless it is financed and directed by colonials.

A BRAND NEW SENATE.

INTO the complicated details of Lord Bryce's scheme we do not propose to enter, partly because they will presently be discussed to death, and partly because we dissent *in limine* from the assumption on which the plan is founded. The assumption is that an assembly elected by the House of Commons for a fixed period will provide a stronger and less partisan Second Chamber than the present House of Lords. That we deny absolutely. It is a proposal to Americanise our constitution, and welcome as are our American allies at the front, we decline to admit that American political life is a model for our imitation, or that the United States Senate is as respectable a body as the House of Lords. According to Lord Bryce's report, the House of Lords is to vanish, and in its place there is to be put a Senate of some 380 members, three-fourths of whom are to be elected by panels of the House of Commons, divided into geographical areas, in which the elections are to take place, while the remaining fourth are to be elected by a joint committee of the two Chambers (five of each) from the peerage, as long as it exists. In other words, the House of Commons is to choose the body whose function will be to revise, delay, and criticise the acts of its creator. What sort of independence are you likely to get from such a Second Chamber? The Senate will be a replica of the House of Commons, of like passions and parts with that most imperfect body, the only difference being that the Senator will sit for twelve years, while the members who choose him will disappear after five years. Was there ever such a crackbrained proposal? There might be some chance of stability in the Second Chamber, if the period of twelve years were maintained. But does anybody doubt that the twelve years will be cut down to six? The people's representatives will never allow a revising body to enjoy twice as long a tenure of office (with £400 a year) as themselves. The process of double election is a discredited and exploded political device, as Lord Bryce must know well, for he has written a book on the American Constitution.

"Generally speaking," wrote Bagehot, "in an electioneering country (I mean in a country full of political life, and used to the manipulation of popular institutions), the election of candidates to elect candidates is a farce. The Electoral College of America is so. It was intended that the deputies when assembled should exercise a real discretion, and by independent choice select the president. But the primary electors take too much interest. They only elect a deputy to vote for Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Breckinridge, and the deputy only takes a ticket and drops that ticket in an urn. He never chooses or thinks of choosing. He is but a messenger—a transmitter; the real decision is in those who choose him—who chose him because they knew what he would do." Although the members of the House of Commons will not be chosen for the sole purpose of choosing a Senate, does anyone doubt that the panels will elect a Senator upon a strict party ticket, and under the eye and the orders of the caucus who elected them? The Senator, so chosen, if he is young and ambitious, will be just as much a caucus nominee as the member of Parliament who chooses him. Exceptions there will be, of course. We trust that our National life will always throw up some great men, and some men who, if not great, are too independent to take their orders from the wirepullers. But we can see for ourselves that these independents are growing rapidly scarcer in politics. A Senate chosen by the House of Commons will be in the main a duplicate of that assembly.

But there is one rather important question which we have often asked, but never succeeded in getting answered. Why is the House of Lords to be abolished? Who says that a branch of the Constitution which has endured for six centuries must suddenly be lopped off and cast into the burning? Not the people of England, assuredly. The last time the nation was appealed to on the subject of the House of Lords, at the second election of 1910, half the electors voted in

favour of the hereditary chamber. Since 1910 the House of Lords has done nothing to lose and much to gain the confidence of the country, for it has rejected the Naval Prize Bill, and the dignity of its debates has contrasted favourably with the squabbling and recrimination of the House of Commons. A Radical professor of history, an octogenarian childless peer, has persuaded some twenty peers and members of Parliament that the House of Lords must go, and therefore it is wafted away by a Report. If you want a strong and non-partisan Second Chamber, which Lord Bryce tells the Prime Minister is the object of his committee, we should think that an assembly of English gentlemen, whose social position and whose incomes are assured, who have no axes to grind, and who are not dependent on the votes of ignorant numbers, is more likely to answer the description than an elective Senate. Birth is the result of an accident, to be sure: but is not the winning of an election the sum of ten thousand accidents? None the less, though all the reason is on the side of the hereditary principle, do we recognise that the House of Lords is in imminent danger of disappearing. Its greatest danger comes from its want of belief in itself. Young and clever peers, some of them, favour the Bryce Report: one of them said to us the other day that he would rather have a constituency at his back than sit by heredity. Why a man should desire to owe his seat in the legislature to a scratch group of members chosen by hazard rather than to a line of ancestors, who have acted a part in the history of England, we cannot imagine. But the House of Lords is only weak because its members think that it is weak. When the Dilapidated Cousin in 'Bleak House' hoped that some fellow would be hanged for Mr. Tulkinghorn's murder as an example to the Mob, he expressed the sort of terror of numbers which inspires the propertied class in much of their political conduct. The Mob is only terrible when it thinks that its rulers are afraid. Submission, abandonment of rights, confession of weakness, never yet won the confidence or respect of British people, and never will. The House of Lords, with its powers limited by the Parliament Act, is the best Second Chamber the world can produce, or that the British nation are ever likely to get. To hustle it out of existence in the middle of the war without discussion, and without consulting the Constituencies, may be legislation: it is certainly not popular government.

THE BRITISH EMBASSY IN PARIS.

THE British Embassy in Paris is certainly one of the most splendid in the world, not merely because of its situation in the aristocratic Faubourg St. Honoré and its architectural pretensions, but for its associations. In its stately seclusion behind its big dark-green doors, flanked by grey pillars, it looks like a mansion in which something has happened. It wears gracefully the purple of a distinguished past. Beneath its shady trees in the garden that reaches to the edge of the Champ Elysées, there have been fêtes and routs, which assembled the wit and elegance of the Second Empire. Upstairs, in the splendid royal suite furnished with Gobelins tapestry and Sèvres porcelain is the famous Borghese bed, within the gilded posts of which royalty has slept. It belonged to Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's second and most beautiful sister, who became an Italian Princess and resided here for a time.

On the morrow of Waterloo, the Iron Duke purchased the hotel for a mere song. Fortune decreed that his nephew, as Earl Cowley, should be British Ambassador there when Princess Pauline's nephew was reigning at the Tuilleries. And, until the other day, Lord Cowley's daughter, Lady Feodorowna Wellesley (now Lady Bertie), was the Ambassador. And Lady Feodorowna Bertie, as she was until her husband was raised to the peerage, was bridesmaid to Queen Alexandra in 1863, after her father had been in Paris for a decade. To her ladyship every room in the

famous hotel must have its history. Just after the Earl came—at the beginning of the second Empire—Edward Prince of Wales paid his first visit to Paris as a lad of thirteen. Perhaps he slept between the hangings of the august bed, lighted by its shimmering candelabra. Certainly, he did so at later periods, when the royal standard floated above the roof.

The most famous visit was that of 1903. His Majesty inaugurated the Entente, which many thought could never be. But with his shrewd estimate of men and things, he knew better. He arrived at the little railway station of the Bois de Boulogne, in the uniform of a British Field Marshal. He seemed to radiate *bonhomie* and captured Paris in forty-eight hours with his smile and tact. The conquest was completed by his charming speech to British business men in which he alluded to "our friends the French." The accent was so sincere that Paris determined to prove it true. Thus ended the long night of misconception, which had reached its darkest hour at Fachoda but had gone forward, gloomily, through the Dreyfus case, the Boer war (with its echoes of Kruger's speech from a Boulevard window) and the Exhibition boycott down to the spring of this *annus mirabilis*. It was a wonderful achievement and established "Edward the Peacemaker" in the hearts of all France. Was he not "the most Parisian of monarchs?"

No one was more surprised at the complete success of the Royal mission than the Embassy itself. Certainly Sir Edmund Monson, the then ambassador, had not advised it; but, as he afterwards confessed, handsomely, at his own table: "The King is the best ambassador who ever went from England." Sir Edmund had not the ear of Paris, and the Embassy gates were scarcely more than ajar, when he was there. But the times were out of joint, though something more could have been done. The shadow of Fachoda had fallen and even when it had disappeared, officially, it was evoked by an unfortunate speech.

That indiscretion, doubtless, was not unconnected with the "silent diplomacy" of Sir Francis Bertie (as he then was). Not a word did he speak when his health was proposed at his first British Chamber of Commerce dinner. People looked aghast. The *Figaro* next morning explained that he was of the old-fashioned school, which did not make speeches, and a private intimation was made that he had only attended the banquet on that understanding. It was very mysterious—until people learned to understand Lord Bertie and appreciate his qualities. They realised, then, how calm and tranquil he was, how cool-headed in a crisis; how perfectly indifferent to what the groundlings thought—indeed, a strong, sincere, straight-forward and perfectly courageous Englishman. They began to respect him, until to-day he is one of the most popular figures in France.

Not that he took the least pains to become so. His omission to speak when he was expected to is typical of the man, of his horror of advertisement, of flattery, of the facile humbug of speeches. He never liked the Press, except to read it, and he kept it at arm's length, though personal relations with certain correspondents were quite cordial. But the gossiping reporter in search of prey caught the steely look in the blue eyes—and abandoned the chase.

Those same eyes beneath the immaculate top hat—one of the last vestiges of the old-time Paris—seemed to enshrine the very soul of England. He was John Bull personified, the Boulevardier thought, and glanced with secret admiration at his alert and juvenile figure.

But in his dislike of publicity he forgot, perhaps, the public rôle an ambassador must play *malgré lui*, and dinners to French celebrities, so gratifying to French pride, often went unrecorded. They were details, but not unimportant. Of greater consequence, of course, was his level head in action, shown when confronted with the first premonitions of the present war: the Kaiser's visit to Tangiers, the Algeciras Conference, the Casa-Blanca deserters, Agadir, the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the Balkan Wars and the

Sarajevo outrage. The bluff figure, whose cool indifference had at first exasperated, now became a synonym for courage and robust sense and contempt for mere opportunism. He stood for British virtues.

Lord Dufferin, who reigned in less cordial times, was a man of quite different type—a little too ceremonious even for the French. They were afraid of him, he was so exquisitely polite. About him was the air of a *grand seigneur anglais* with something added, which bespoke a continental training. It was most disquieting and, indeed, his Lordship seemed to have acquired with his Florentine birth something of that ancient city's magnificence of manner. But they were ticklish days and the Marquess had need of all his suavity when conversations were denounced on the morrow with the phrase: "M. le Ministre n'a pas tout-à-fait compris." And the discussions had to be recommended. Perhaps his Excellency's French was responsible for something, for it was quite original.

Lord Lytton, again, made appeal to another side of Paris. It was rather as "Owen Meredith" the poet than as Lord Lytton the diplomat, that he gathered about him the art and literature of the city just recovering tone from the disaster of the war. It was his predecessor, Lord Lyons, who witnessed that *débâcle*, which had come so suddenly, save to those who could read the signs. The British Ambassador went with the Provisional Government to Tours.

The *beaux jours* undoubtedly belong to Lord Cowley's fifteen years when beauty and high spirits, accompanied by a certain decadence, frolicked in Paris. Another Entente was born of the visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort to St. Cloud. The fruit was seen in the Crimea, and Lord Cowley's work at the treaty of Paris benefited by the atmosphere of complete good will. In the midst of the festivities the Empress loved, Orsini tried to end the Emperor's life, but only succeeded in ending his own. They were exciting days, presaging, perhaps, the storm; but in the recesses of the Faubourg men worked at Cobden's treaty, which linked us in a friendly commerce.

Paris knew a brilliancy that, probably, it will never know again. It is useless to expect a British colony of social distinction. Rapidity of communications is against it—one come and goes—and now those who attend the Embassy receptions are the worthy business folk of the Chamber of Commerce. Lord Derby is probably the ideal ambassador for the present day. He is modern and yet distinguished; a man of sense and action trained in public affairs and yet a sportsman and a great Englishman by training and tradition. His rôle in the present war has been in consonance with French opinion; he is a realist not content with the formulae of peace. Moreover, he has that directness of thought and sincerity of speech, which are priceless British qualities and give the Englishman abroad, did he but know it, his unique position.

A LEADER IN THE LORDS.

AT a time like the present when the leadership of Lord Curzon is causing anxiety to the Conservative Party, it may be interesting to recall some features of the career of Lord Lyndhurst, who led the House of Lords for ten years with vigour and authority, though only a lawyer.

In 1825, the year of Lord Halsbury's birth, John Singleton Copley was Attorney-General, and one of the ablest that ever occupied that position. His career had already been remarkable. The son of an artist of repute, though hardly in the first rank, whose father had settled in America, he was born in that country when it was still an appanage of the British Empire. As a boy he was brought to England, and, after a sound preparation, proceeded to Cambridge, where he took the distinguished degree of second Wrangler, and was elected a Fellow of Trinity. Choosing the Law as a profession, he in the first instance became a special pleader, but was subsequently called to the Bar at

the age of 32. Owing to lack of interest, for some years his activities were confined to Quarter Sessions, but he gradually won repute in what was known at the Bar as the "sedition line," namely, the defence of rioters and political agitators, who at that time were being constantly subjected to Government prosecutions. A forcible but eminently judicious advocate, who seldom infringed Scarlett's golden rule, "never to put one's case too high," he was sought after in such cases on another ground, namely that he held opinions little differing from those of the accused. His merits caught the keen eye of Castlereagh; and the Jacobinical Serjeant was given to understand that things were likely to go well with him if he transformed himself into a supporter of law and order as represented by the authors of the Six Acts. After a brief period of deliberation for the sake of appearance, Copley hauled down his republican colours, and enlisted under the most reactionary Government that had ruled England for over a century. Castlereagh was as good as his word. After being provided with a Government seat in the House of Commons, the proselyte in due time received the first instalment of his reward in the shape of the Chief-Justiceship of Chester, which was quickly followed by the post of Solicitor-General. As a Law Officer his duties were admirably performed. In Queen Caroline's trial he eclipsed in practical ability all the other counsel on both sides, though Brougham's sensational rhetoric attracted more attention; while in Parliament he soon won repute as a forcible and thorough-going champion of the ultra-Tory section, his attitude towards Catholic Emancipation being as uncompromising as that of Eldon himself. As Master of the Rolls, to which office he was promoted in 1826, he delivered an anti-Catholic speech which every bigot in the kingdom acclaimed with transport. But his imitation of Eldon was not destined to last long. In the following year Canning acceded to office as a pro-Catholic Premier, and Copley found no difficulty in serving under him as Chancellor. Eldon was shocked, and his other anti-Catholic colleagues were filled with grave misgivings, but Lord Lyndhurst, as he had now become, viewed their disapprobation with cynical indifference. He had secured the highest prize of his profession, and the *modus operandi*, if somewhat questionable, was to him a matter of supreme unconcern. Thenceforward, to the end of his official career he followed only one path, that of expediency. Brilliant, captivating, with the lightest of hearts, he sauntered along that even path, eyeing the rugged track of principle with ill-disguised contempt. Having continued to hold the Great Seal under Goderich and Wellington, he was not without hopes that he might retain it in the Grey Administration. The offer, however, was not made, the claims of Brougham standing in the way, but he readily accepted from the Whig Premier the post of Lord Chief Baron, an unprecedented and decidedly derogatory proceeding on the part of an ex-Chancellor; the salary, however, was considerably larger than his retiring pension, which but poorly provided for the lavish expenditure of himself and Lady Lyndhurst, a beautiful and aspiring woman, whose salon was frequented by all the great personages of the day.

Lyndhurst twice again occupied the Woolsack, in the first and second Administrations of Sir Robert Peel. In the Court of Chancery his record, though reputable, was far from what it might have been had he applied himself whole-heartedly to his judicial duties, but beyond satisfying their immediate exigencies he took little interest in them. As a Cabinet Minister, though carrying considerable weight in the Wellington Administration, he was unfavourably regarded by Peel, who had little confidence in him, and had it been practicable, would have promoted Follett in his place. But if an inconspicuous figure in Peel's Ministries, he played an important rôle in opposition, smiting the Whigs hip and thigh, an occupation in which he was joined with feverish gusto by their discarded colleague, Brougham. In 1836 a Bill for the reform of Irish

Municipalities, promoted by Lord Melbourne's Government came up from the Commons to the Lords. Lord Lyndhurst, in moving the rejection of the Bill, was said to have described the Irish Nationalists as "aliens in blood, language and religion." The words made a great sensation; and though Lyndhurst denied having used them, he defended their substantial truth. Next year, when the Bill was again before the Commons, Shiel made a frantic attack on Lyndhurst (who had taken a seat behind the bar), shrieking, foaming, and raving, while his compatriots followed suit. Seven years later, in 1844, Lyndhurst saved O'Connell from imprisonment. A motion had come up to the Lords, as a legal tribunal, to quash the conviction of O'Connell for conspiracy. Brougham and Lyndhurst delivered opinions in favour of the conviction; Denman, Campbell and Cottenham against. When the motion was put from the woolsack that the decision of the Court below should be reversed, a number of lay peers, who were thirsting for O'Connell's blood, shouted "Non-Content." Had the lay peers insisted on their legal right to vote, the jurisdiction of the House of Lords as an appeal Court would have been at an end. Lyndhurst was determined to save the jurisdiction of the Lords, though he was, as we said, in the minority. He therefore waited a minute or two, and then said in his inimitably majestic manner, "I think those noble lords who have not heard the arguments will decline voting if I put the question again." The noble lords retired like rated schoolboys; such was Lyndhurst's influence over the House of Lords. It was the influence of the greatest political intellect of the time embodied in a handsome and commanding presence, and expressed in speeches, which Bagehot (who detested Lyndhurst) describes as "some of the best, if not the very best, specimens of English, of the best manner in which a man of great intellect can address and influence the intellects of others." It was during the ten years between his eightieth and ninetieth year that Lord Lyndhurst led the House of Lords, and he was in his eighty-fifth year when he made the celebrated speech against life-peerages in the Wensleydale case, quoting from memory all the black-letter precedents. A brass rail was fastened across supports in the floor of the House of Lords opposite the old man's seat, that he might pull himself up, and lean on it while speaking. A vivid memory of his wig and brown surtout remained long afterwards. It has been said of Lyndhurst by his detractors that he had no political principles. It was, of course, impossible that a mind such as his could have believed in the Toryism of Castlereagh, Liverpool, and Eldon. But in 1826 when Canning became Prime Minister, Toryism was transformed into an elastic and receptive body of doctrine, as it has ever been since; and it certainly did not lie in the mouth of Peel or his friends to reproach Lyndhurst with political laxity. Lyndhurst was the first of the Tory leaders to discern and protect the opening genius of Disraeli, when he was hovering between the two parties. Something in the career and character of the brilliant young Jew touched the Lord Chancellor, and perhaps reminded him of his own salad days, when he talked Jacobinism at the bar mess. But for the encouragement of Lyndhurst the future Lord Beaconsfield would probably have joined the Radicals.

Lyndhurst's last great speech in the House of Lords was delivered in July 1859, when he made an appeal, in a strain of the highest eloquence, for the increase of the national defences. In its concluding passage he struck a note which in the present time thrills with peculiar force. "I know," he declared, "that there are persons who will say, 'Let us run the risk.' Be it so. But, my Lords, if the calamity should come, if the conflagration should take place, what words can describe the extent of the calamity, or what imagination can paint the overwhelming ruin that would fall upon us? I shall be told, perhaps, that these are the timid counsels of old age. My lords, for myself, I should run no risk. Personally, I have nothing to fear. But to point out possible peril, and how to guard effectively against it, that is surely to be con-

sidered not as timidity, but as the dictates of wisdom and prudence. I have confined myself to facts that cannot be disputed. I think I have confined myself also to inferences which no man can successfully contravene. I hope that what I have said has been in accordance with your feelings and opinions. I shall terminate what I have to say in two emphatic words: *Vae Victis!*—words of solemn and most significant import."

The effect of this speech—virtually his swan-song—was electric; he had not listened in vain to the exalted oratory of Canning. He spoke again more than once in the House of Lords, and, with scarcely diminished vigour, but the occasions were not of the same critical importance. His final appearance was in May 1861: two years later he died, at the age of 91, having, at any rate, during the last decade of his life proved himself worthy of the epitaph to him by not a few of his discerning countrymen: *Ultimus Romanaorum.*

THE STANDARD SUIT.

"Sir Charles Sykes, Director of the Wool Textile Department of the War Office, has adopted a scheme under which the public will be able to order standard suits from retail bespoke tailors and have them specially made up to their own measurement. The material will be a strong worsted serge, in both black and blue. The cost will be £4 12s. 6d. for an ordinary lounge or jacket suit.—*Daily Paper.*

FROM Polonius to 'Sartor Resartus' social philosophers have pondered on the saying that "The apparel oft proclaims the man." Carlyle pictured a naked House of Lords, a daring thought, which the whirligig of time has morally and politically realised, for to-day the House of Lords stands shivering and bare to the bitter wind of public scorn.

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn," wrote Pope. Carlyle coldly bids us regard a Bishop in the shape of a forked radish. How much of the contempt into which the house of Lords has fallen is due to the disappearance of costume? "The Duke of St. Davids when he came to town," said Thackeray, "used to cover the North Road with his carriages and his liveries. To-day he sneaks away from the station in a brougham [motor car], smoking a cigar." Lord Chatham, when he stayed at the Castle Inn, Marlborough, dressed all the innkeeper's servants in his own livery. They knew what they were about, those aristocrats of the eighteenth century. But things have rapidly grown worse, far worse, in the last few years. We have ourselves seen two dukes in the two-penny tube, in lounge suits and soft hats, sucking "a fag." The faith of dukism cannot stand this. The Earl of Marney expired in the full faith of dukism, believing in the duke, wishing himself to be a duke, and babbling of strawberry leaves. But who can believe in a duke, who dresses like a stockbroker's clerk and travels in the tube?

Chesterfield told his son that though dress was a very foolish thing, it was a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed, "according to his rank and way of life"; and he added, with his customary directness, "I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed. The excess in that direction will wear off with a little age and reflection; but if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and will stink at fifty years old"—a truth which our young democrats would do well to remember. But one part of this advice has no meaning for us: dress, "according to your rank and way of life" is an admonition that would be received to-day with a shout of laughter. In the eighteenth century, and in the first two decades of the nineteenth, almost up to the passing of the Reform Bill, a man's dress denoted his rank and way of life. The "Quality," including the great County families and the peerage, wore swords, full or bag wigs, and silk and velvet clothes of many beautiful colours, the hues of the dove and the mulberry being favourites for coats. The professions, doctors, lawyers and parsons, were

clothed in suits of solemn black, and bushy white wigs. The merchant had his colour, too, which was snuff-brown, and the tradesman and his apprentice sported, when on duty, caps and aprons. The full-bottomed wig or perruque, dyed black, yellow, or brown, introduced by Charles II, gave place towards the end of the eighteenth century to the bob-wig of white horse-hair, with the alternative of wearing your own hair long, pomatumed and powdered. Pitt's war-tax on hair-powder killed this fashion, for the Radical Duke of Bedford (the assailant of Burke's pension), gathered some young bloods at Woburn, who cut their hair short and abjured powder, a truly Whig measure of opposition! At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was still the fashion for Ministers to go down to the House in full dress. Lady Hester Stanhope tells us that Uncle William complained of the draught in the House and took down a shawl or rug to cover his silk stockings. It must have been a nice place, that draughty, dark, old chapel, smelling of oranges; and we read that a rat was espied creeping across the floor, which gave rise to many obvious political pleasantries. After Waterloo silk stockings and breeches began to disappear. A caricature of the Duke of Beaufort in 1817, walking in Hyde Park, depicts him in a black swallow-tail coat, not so much cut away as the modern dress coat, in trousers narrowing towards the bottom and tightly strapped over the instep, and a voluminous white cambric stock with the beginning of the Gladstonian collar peeping above it. In evening dress the legs were clad in a kind of elongated breeches, a quite tight trouser, fitting to the calf like a stocking, and fastened at the ankle with two or three buttons over silk stockings and pumps. Although a dandy Duke of Beaufort might wear peg-top trousers and straps, we fancy that many country gentlemen still came to the House of Commons in riding-boots, for we remember Lady Burdett-Coutts telling us that in her father's, Sir Francis Burdett's, time, members used to be asked to come and dine in Stratton Street "in their boots." With the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837 dress, like furniture, became ugly, inexpressive, and decorous; but it was still possible to distinguish a member of the Jockey Club from his stud-groom.

The intercourse between classes was much easier and more friendly, when distinctions of social position were clearly marked. A peer could chaff a prize-fighter or a bookmaker and could be answered in a friendly slang that would be dangerous to embark on to-day. For a long time past it has been impossible to tell a man's position by his clothes; and now the end has come—we are all to go into the black or blue standard suit at £4 12s. 6d. It is a kind of national mourning for the good old days that are gone. Black and blue serge is "the only wear" which democracy allows. "What we want to know is, who are our betters, and why are they so?" is the question which Mr. Stephen Reynolds' fishermen are always asking. Clearly, when that is the question of the day, there can be no other clothes for men but the blue or black serge suit, of standard cloth and price. The influence of this drab uniformity of dress is subtler and more permeating than might appear to the superficial. We have lost our eye for colour with the disappearance of the dove and mulberry-coloured velvets and satins of the eighteenth century, as may be seen in the brown and grey daubs that are presented to us as landscapes by the fashionable Cubist painters, and in the violent mustard, purple, and green jerseys which young women wear. Of women's dress, however, we have refrained from speaking, for even democracy does not claim to control its vagaries, though the Lady Betty has gracefully retired from an unequal contest with the munition-worker.

The moral significance of the standard suit is the disappearance of originality, the persecution of the individual by the mass. What was the secret of D'Orsay's enormous vogue? He was a personality, which was expressed in his daring dress. The late Lord Granville used to tell a story of his sitting

patiently in his brougham, waiting to reach the door of the Opera house, when suddenly a way was cleared by a number of link-boys and tipstaves for a flashing chariot. "Whose carriage is that?" asked Lord Leveson out of his window of a constable. "Count D'Orsay's" was the answer. That was the homage paid to a real dandy. Brummel owed his ascendancy partly to the perfection of his dress and partly to impudence. "What do you think of my new coat, Brummel?" asked his Grace of Bedford. "My dear fellow," said the Beau, fingering the ducal sleeve, "do you call that Thing a coat?" Disraeli in his youth, and Oscar Wilde, each asserted his individuality by his dress. Democracy, in its present mood, frowns down these manifestations of the artistic spirit.

For us the bare and level plain of democracy stretches out in dreary perspective, surrounded by standard houses, with standard fixings, wherein we shall sit in standard blue or black serge, reading a standard (not the Evening) newspaper, and toasting standard boots at a standard gas-grate.

AMERICA IN THE MAKING.

THOSE whose privilege it has been to associate with United States soldiers on the one hand and Australian and New Zealand on the other must be forcibly struck by their wide difference in the matter of retrospect. The past touches the Antipodean (vile but necessary word!) with a light hand; he regards the Abbey and the Tower as "very ancient," and then affectionately dismisses them. To the American the age of Henry III. means something, a rather vague something, perhaps, but still a something; the times of Raleigh and Penn a good deal. The civilisation of the United States, in other words, has already passed into the region of historical inquiry; the Pilgrim Fathers are almost as remote as the *Palaeologi*. Books, therefore, like Dr. Calhoun's recent volume, which sets forth the development of the American family from the accomplishment of independence through the war between the North and South, are welcome enough.* They carry with them, however, two defects, the first accidental, the second inseparable from their subject. American writers, for one thing, are too fond of sham-scientific substantives ending with "ism." "Urbanism" may be tolerated, but "equalitarianism" (why not "equality"?) is an outrage on language. The second and more serious drawback consists in the tendency to compress the most various and elusive conditions into a formula, and to exaggerate exceptions into the normal. The brutality of certain overseers, for example, should not necessarily be construed into a basic factor of negro slavery.

Treading through Dr. Calhoun's pages with cautious footsteps, we can perceive, however, certain definite lines of movement. Independence revealed the United States as a community mainly agricultural, and after the East had been settled there came the winning of the West. It follows that throughout the period the rural Americans fulfilled the primordial law; they multiplied and replenished the earth. Old Kentucky in 1820 or thereabouts could show many a family of from twelve to sixteen children; the girls of North Carolina were frequently grandmothers at twenty-seven, growing old and weak in the process before their time. The rural Americans, indeed, were as prolific as the Boers, and, like the Boers, they were largely migratory. Not much attached to the home as a dwelling, if better prospects offered themselves farther West, they packed their waggons and off they went. In the rush to the Pacific they endured terrible hardships and were freely pillaged by speculators. Early in the struggle for the West, the Supreme Court reported that "thousands of families had been reduced to destitution by the claims and exactions of land-jobbers." So, though Dickens may have caused offence by 'Nicholas Nickleby,' he clearly caricatured rather than invented New Eden.

* A Social History of the American Family. Vol. II. By Arthur Calhoun. Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, U.S.A.

But common employment and at times common sufferings made the family tie a very real one. The women stinted themselves to educate their children, and were prepared to defend the homestead against the Indians with the rifle. As the Civil War drew near, complaints were made that farmers' sons and daughters were forsaking the land for the factories. Marriage-portions and money for the purchase of acres seem, however, to have been the lure, and the townwards flux had not yet become a formidable problem.

In the northern cities social conditions were inevitably more complex. We are confronted by tirades against the growth of luxury, especially feminine luxury, which would be impressive, if we did not reflect that Ammianus wrote even bitterer words of the Roman ladies under Honorius. Each age is aghast at its own degeneracy, but still the world rolls on. The residue of solid truth appears to be that there was an "L. E. L." generation of American girls, who with nothing but novels and needlework to employ their time, suffered from what the eighteenth century would have called "the vapours," and were driven in consequence to out-of-door gaiety and, possibly, to mercenary marriages to defray that gaiety. But their freedom from parental control was more superficial than real. "In the North," remarked a governess, "the young lady is left alone with her beaux and pa and ma retire." Pa and ma came back, we imagine, when allowances were under discussion. In the same way travellers in the Northern States were struck by the want of respect shown by sons to their parents, particularly at meal times. Here again the explanation may well be that, when everyone was in a hurry to make money, the externalities of family affection were apt to be neglected. Gurowski, more observant than most, declared that, though children were not demonstrative towards their parents, "American homes were warmed by parental love." They were, in short, if educated, very like educated homes in Europe, only they were American.

Advocates of "causes" invariably falsify social history. We read, for instance, of American women compelled to surrender their earnings to idle and drunken husbands; of others who forfeited all right to the property they had acquired in common if compelled to get a divorce. But, as Dr. Calhoun shrewdly observes, "We cannot suppose that the typical American wife was as cramped and oppressed as the law would allow." Neither were the wrongs of the revolted daughter so very monstrous after all. At the beginning of the period under review, it was her duty to get married, and she did; at its close, when matrimony had become an impossibility in many cases, callings made themselves for her. Mrs. Bloomer and Susan B. Anthony were excellent people in their way, but one can have too much of them.

The factory system in the Northern States produced precisely the same effects as in this country; child-labour and overcrowding. The evils denounced for the English of the 'forties in 'Sybil' were described there by a kind-hearted Frenchman. "Is it not a torment," he asked, "for these poor little beings [from six to twelve years old] to be a whole day and almost every day of their lives employed at the same work, in an obscure and infected prison?" The conditions, too, of working-class districts, notably of the negro-quarter of New York, were as deplorable as anything that Mr. Upton Sinclair has ferreted out in modern Chicago. By way of remedy, barracks were instituted for the factory girls, and those at Lowell seem to have been well-managed. Elsewhere they slept six to eight in a room, and even three in a bed. The modification of family ties thus produced had its bearing on the upper classes. As servants preferred the comparative liberty of the factory, their scarcity created that characteristic American institution, the life of married people at hotels and boarding-houses. Still the American family went on; it was changed, but not exterminated.

The South has been represented by some as a patriarchal Arcadia; by others as a sink of iniquity. The truth, of course, lies between the two extremes, with

the balance in favour of virtue. The aristocratic Southerner was a fine figure of a man; his affection embraced the wide circle of his relations, and he even helped them to carry on their feuds. Dr. Calhoun might have quoted 'Huckleberry Finn' in illustration of this local peculiarity. On the other hand, perpetual contact with a subject race was not good for his temper, and the geisha class of mulatto and octoroon girls acted injuriously on his morals. It is difficult to arrive at precise conclusions, since much of the evidence consists of jeremiads such as this by one Tower, a preacher: "The extent of licentiousness here [New Orleans] is truly appalling and doubtless without a parallel and probably double that of any other place in the civilized world." But the presumption is that male society, elsewhere than in Louisiana, was French in its external chivalry and thinly disguised hedonism. The women, though they took snuff for their nerves and acids for their figures, were superior to the men. Carefully educated under the maternal eye, after a fling of flirtation and even an elopement, they were married early and developed into model wives. "Mammy," the negro nurse, was their personal friend; they physicked and clothed the black children on the estate and gave them education of a sort. When slavery was abolished, a Southern lady exclaimed with glee that she need no longer wait on her household.

Still slavery is an admitted evil, if only because it implies the existence of a stratum of poor whites. Thanks to Southern prodigality and the repeal of promogeniture, estates rapidly changed hands, and in a generation or two a family sank from affluence to poverty. Thus parasites were created, whose lot, since they disdained manual labour, was miserable indeed. The "crackers" and "sandhillers" often could not read or write, and many of them were in a position to envy the slave. The factories came to the rescue at the close of the period, but even so labour was habitually underpaid. How far the lot of the slave could be considered enviable must be left an open question, obscured by partisan statements for and against the system. On a well-conducted estate, the negro had plenty to eat and little work to do, and he regarded "massa" with a dog-like fidelity. Still the good master might die or become bankrupt, and then off went Sambo to the chances of the market. Where the soil was impoverished by exhausting crops like tobacco, and the owner could make a bare living, the day of the negro was long and his mortality high. And, without invoking the lachrymose pathos of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, we cannot shut our eyes to the businesslike advertisements under which wives were sold away from their husbands, and children from their parents. Quashee, being a warm-hearted fellow, mourned them with copious tears.

Dr. Calhoun takes leave of the American family after its women had been stirred to new enterprise under the stress of the Civil War, and its negro variety had been plunged woolly head over heels into liberty. We hope to meet him and it again.

The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TAXATION NOT REVENUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. F. W. Foster, is indisputably in the right, though his calculations are not always so clearly expressed as to be intelligible to

the ordinary mind. You, sir, expressed the same conclusion in one of your notes, when you said that there was nothing clever in procuring a so-called revenue of 700 millions by raising the income-tax to 6s. and the super-tax to 4s. 6d. A child could do it, as you said. There is no more dangerous fallacy than to confound exorbitant taxation of incomes with revenue, and to infer, like the ignorant leader-writers in the daily press, that the country is flourishing because it submits without complaint. There are certain kinds of taxation which do indicate prosperity, and may be called revenue. When, for instance, with moderate rates ruling, there is a great increase in the yield of customs and excise, it shows that the consuming power of the masses is greater; when the returns from inhabited house-duties rise, it shows that people are building and occupying better houses; when the death-duties increase, it shows that more people are dying rich; when the post-office and telegraph returns go up, it shows that business is brisk. But the income-tax screw may be made to produce 1,000 millions a year, or any sum you like. Your correspondent has done well to call attention to the fact that as the Government increases the rate of deduction from its loans it must pay more for them; and not only that, but the rate of all interest rises, and the prices of all securities fall. These things may be necessary owing to the war, but to chuckle over them as signs of prosperity, or to gush over the bold and ingenious finance of our Chancellor of the Exchequer, merely discovers the trash and ignorance of our modern journalism. I enclose my card, and am,

Yours faithfully,
D. M. C.

Winchester House, E.C.

A POSSIBLE FUTURE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SIR,—Party politics have hitherto played an ever-increasing rôle, but were they carried on for the good of the country?

Prior to the formation of the Coalition Government, the House of Commons was so constituted, that a certain man represented a certain constituency, either well or badly (frequently the latter), solely on party lines. The constituency was composed of all categories of men, who rightly or wrongly had the vote. (Had men's suffrage been based on a certain standard of education, how different matters would be in this country to-day). The Hon. Member might be an engineer, or a lawyer, but often what did he know of, or care for, the woes of the agriculturist, or those occupied in the textile, or other trades? Consequently he did not represent his constituents equitably, for he could not have identical interests in every trade. It would be super-human to suppose it. To put it concisely, he was a man possibly desirous of acting correctly, but in the wrong capacity. Else why the fact that so few members were returned unopposed at subsequent elections?

Were all trades, professions, and classes to be formed into guilds, and were such guilds to elect their own representatives, according to the importance of each section, then the House of Commons would be truly representative, and constitute a basis whereon the welfare of the Great British Empire could be reasonably built. In lieu, then, of the old régime, when so many said "my interests firstly" "my interests secondly" and rarely travelled beyond that, we might perhaps find them unselfishly giving a thought to their country's real interests.

The various trade guilds having been formed, as enumerated below, they might meet at stated times to discuss preliminaries, and avoid waste of time in the House, and really work on business lines.

The most important guilds might be enumerated as

follows, with the suggested number of representatives added :

Metal Industry	10	Brought forward	195
Cotton Trade	10	Fruit Industry	10
Fibre Trade	5	Preserved Food Industry	5
Legal Profession	10	Horse and Cattle Rearing Industry	5
Teaching Profession	10	Labour Party	5
Chemical Trade	5	Leather and Boot Trade	5
Chemists and Druggists	5	Fur Trade	5
Rubber Trade	10	Paper Trade	5
Meat Trade	5	Oil and Paint Trade	5
Fish Trade	5	Motor Industry	5
Fruit and Vegetables	5	Fish Culture	3
Ireland	10	Afforestation	5
Stock Exchange	5	The Colonies :	
Wool Trade	10	India	5
Publishing Trade	5	Canada	5
Building Trade	5	Australasia	5
Daily Press	10	South Africa	5
Railway Companies	5	Brewing and Distilleries	5
Docks and Canals	5	Banking and Finance	10
China and Porcelain	5	Colonial Produce Brokers	
Soft Goods Trade	5	Brokers & Merchants	10
Gold and Silversmiths	5	Corn and Seed and Cake Trades	10
Hardware Trade	5	Mining Interests	10
Textile	10	Shipowners & Shipping	10
Landed Gentry	10	Shipbuilding	10
Farming Industry	10	Wood Trade	5
Dairy Industry	10	Total	343
		Carried forward	195

Each guild should have its arbitration court, thereby avoiding the heavy legal expenses to which many by its absence are now put. Then divide England, Wales and Scotland into 327 constituencies, based on the number of the population, for the good representation of the various interests, and irrespective of party politics. When carried out, immediately pass a law that the total costs of an action at law shall not exceed 25% of the amount involved, thereby securing justice for the poor, or those of moderate means, as well as for the rich.

It now rests with the electors of future representatives to determine, whether the country's interests are to be considered in the fullest extent, or whether party politics are again to play a prominent part, with their accompanying drawbacks.

A main point in the suggested scheme lies in the fact that most people would have two representatives in the House, instead of one as hitherto. It should be a rule that no member in the House of Commons should retain his seat, unless present at 75% of the full sittings minimum, or is able to show good cause, such as ill health, for his absence. It is hoped that the above suggestions may be duly considered by all wishful to assist the cause of good government, who will henceforth strive to uphold the dignity of the British Empire.

Yours obediently,
C. H. RASCHEN.

6, Inverness Gardens, Kensington, W.

[The objection to our correspondent's plan is that it means purely sectional representation, which leads to "lobbying," the curse of democracies. The brewers would come to terms with the bankers, and the barristers with the butchers, to the detriment of the Empire.—ED. S.R.]

SEX ANTAGONISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your second leader in the current issue of the *Saturday Review* I read :—

"One swallow does not make a summer, and the 'Brontës, the Jane Austens, and the George Eliots' are few and far between."

In this connexion it is perhaps pertinent to remark that Thackerays, Dickens, and Scotts are also rare birds, and few and far between.

We have yet to see what the summer of Feminism will bring forth. As yet we have only had the winter, and early spring.

Let them try them, as you suggest, by all means, and I warrant they will not disappoint you in the plane of intellectual achievement.

Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD KEPPEL.

SIR,—Woman may be, and apparently is, passing through an unlovely phase in her metamorphosis; but is not her intellectual emancipation admittedly 'chaste jugee' in all enlightened countries?

Has she not justified her existence at the universities and other centres of culture, despite the imperfect physical development she is accorded, and the narrow prejudice that still dogs her footsteps?

T. G. B.

THE BUDGET AND THE TOBACCO TAX.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With Mr. Bonar Law's speech on the Budget and with the Budget as a whole I think there is nothing much to complain of, but I feel that we who are smokers have reason to criticise the result of the imposition of the tobacco tax. No one need grudge the Chancellor his 1s. 9d. per lb., as it will bring him in 8 millions—but what we do resent is the 11d. per lb. to the tobacco manufacturers, who will make another 4½ millions in addition to what they exploited out of the consumer last year when the Chancellor put on 11d. per lb. (4½ millions) and the Tobacco Trust took 1s. 1d. for themselves by charging the consumer 2s. per lb. more for the tobacco (equivalent to about 5 millions). The net result of the two years additional duty is that whilst the Chancellor will get about 12 millions the manufacturers will get about 9½ millions—a disproportionate amount even when one considers that a portion of it will go to the State in the form of excess profit tax—perhaps!.

The spoliation of the Egyptians by the Israelites of old was nothing to be compared to this exploitation of the innocent tobacco consumer—by the Profiteers—was it?

Surely the time is ripe for a Smokers' League to take this matter up seriously, and I write in the hope the *Saturday Review* will help in that direction. If every smoker would lay in what would usually be a month's supply of "the weed" and pledge himself not to go into a retail tobacconist's for three months, I believe the profiteers would climb down.

I shall be looking out for a letter from that correspondent of yours who gave us a wrinkle last year—I wonder to what extent he will have to reduce the bowl of his pipe this year and whether he would be willing to take a lead in the direction of forming such a league as I suggest.

Why could not the Chancellor have taken, say, 2s. per lb. and insisted on the retail price being advanced only 1½d. per ounce; knowing that all the extra money was going towards paying the cost of the war—and not into the pockets of the greedy ones who have already made many millions for themselves out of the war conditions under which we live at present—nobody who smoked would have grudged paying the extra money.

I am, yours truly,
FRED J. VEALL.

[The Chancellor of the Exchequer's devotion to my Lady Nicotina is quite as strong as our correspondent's, or our own, and it would be only a proper compliment to invite him to be President of the League.—ED., S.R.]

CO-OPERATIVE STORES AND TAXATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We have read with some interest the letter in the last issue of the *Saturday Review* by a "Mincing Lane Broker." We are more familiar with Mincing

Lane Brokers than they evidently are with the co-operative movement. They have frequently fallen into the mood of writing to the Press charges against the C.W.S., especially since their deplorable failure to push this working-class trading concern out of Mincing Lane. The Co-operative Press Agency recently exposed their amazing tactics, since when one or another of them has ventured into public print with fantastic tales of what the C.W.S. is, and what it is not—mostly what it is not. Beaten in every subtle and shameful manœuvre some time ago, by honest and straightforward dealing of the C.W.S., they actually brought the formidable D.O.R.A. to their assistance under the sensational impression that they were going to secure the arrest of the C.W.S. for overbuying and overstocking tea. An investigation proved their silly charges to be a myth, and the Government Department that was led into the foolish episode is not likely to be victimised again by brokers' fairy stories concocted in the back chambers of Mincing Lane.

The C.W.S. is not a "tied house" system of trade. The co-operative movement is an outstanding example of voluntaryism. A society does not carry on all its trade with the C.W.S.; it has a free choice; even where it may be under a financial obligation to the C.W.S. it may go elsewhere for its goods if it can find a more favourable market. The control of the C.W.S. is purely democratic, and societies have the opportunity of exercising their combined authority with regard to its constitution. They make or maintain the constitution, and where or when it is not to their liking they have the voting power to alter it.

We can quite perceive that a "Mincing Lane Broker" being a pillar or a mandarin of vested interests cannot understand the working of the voluntary will of democracy in trade, and having been mentally stupefied by his own self-seeking system of trade and business, likens the C.W.S. to a tyrannical caucus, or as he calls it "an inner clique" protected by a thick veil of "great secrecy." Nonsense. Its reports and balance sheets published during the year, would make a huge volume of ordinary-sized pages, and contain a plethora of detail that no other trading company would ever dream of printing. Men and women who attend its frequent periodical meetings must surely smile at the flimsy notion that they can be led over the bogs and quagmires of trade by the incantations of an alleged inner ring of C.W.S. directors who are at one with themselves in proceeding towards the Co-operative Commonwealth.

What are the other ridiculous allegations of a "Mincing Lane Broker?" That the C.W.S. must not seek its own legitimate means of raising capital for an extension of its business; or have its own system of conducting its own tea trade in the national market; or possess its own means of buying land for production at home and abroad.

But what is the real trouble? Is it not what has been called "The scandalous exemption of co-operative societies from income-tax?"

The charge is that we do not pay income-tax. Never in the discussions on this question against co-operation have our opponents approached a true level of fairness. The scandalous claim is that the accumulated "surplus" of co-operative trading should be taxed at the source, and amount of the tax to be imposed on this surplus stolen from the members of co-operative societies. The case is so unjust that our enemies will not delve into the details, but content themselves with sweeping claims which they know will not bear analysis. We already pay our dues under schedules A. & B. of the Income-tax as societies, and as individuals in respect to other schedules, where we come under the Act.

But what sense of British justice is there in taxing the whole of our profits at the source as suggested? If a co-operative stores makes a profit of £200 a year, that £200, it is contended, must be taxed. If a private trader next door to the stores makes £200 profit, the abatement of £120 would be taken off the total. For each child £25 would be also abated, as well as the

amount of any life insurance premium. In all probability, he would have nothing, or very little left for the income-tax collector. But the whole of the £200 would be left for taxation in case of the co-operative store. And they who would have to bear the tax would either not be earning a salary within the range of taxation, or if they were, they would have to meet their income-tax and would be compelled to pay a further tax on what they and their families spend at the stores. Is there any degree of justice in that? Are the British working-classes likely to stand an oppressive and irregular imposition of that character? Does any fair-minded man expect them to do?

It is said that now a greater number of workers are receiving a taxable wage this provides all the more reason why their surplus or dividends on purchases from the stores should be taxed at the source. But the greater number of workmen there is paying income-tax, the wider would be the injustice of taxing their weekly expenditure on the bare requirements of life. If a co-operator is liable to income-tax, he has to pay taxation on his interest from share capital in the stores. Why then again on his expenditure on the common necessities of the family?

Take a further example. Suppose a workman obtains £200 a year as income. This would leave him with £80 to be taxed. Say he has two children below 16 years of age, this would give him relief to the extent of £50; and as he has usually no insurance beyond "industrial," he would practically have to pay income-tax on £30, amounting to £3 7s. 6d. a year. Now suppose he spends at the co-operative stores for himself and family £80 a year. His dividend on this at 2/6d. in the £ would amount to £10. What co-operative opponents now urge is that the £10 should be taxed as unearned income at the rate of 5/- in the £, and 6/- in the £, on the new basis, equal to £2 10s. or £3.

Now if the £80 per year was spent with the private trader next door to the store, who through abatements on a profit of £200 a year paid no income tax, not a single penny of the workman's expenditure would go to the State. The idea of taxing working men in the manner suggested is too preposterous for words. Taxes are placed on incomes not on expenditures.

Why does not the Press try to work out some other system of taxation that would impose the national responsibility on all people who earn a wage whether it be 15/- per week or £1,500, graded according to income? Why do they not urge for something of that kind and thus bring in thousands of small traders who by various abatements, or rebates, now escape income-tax, but who often are the loudest shouters about co-operative taxation? If there is to be justice let there be justice all round. Taxes of traders are paid out of the consumers' cost of living. For them to urge that working men co-operators and housewives should also pay taxes on what they spend at a co-operative stores indicates what a demoralised conception they have of British fairplay.

Yours truly,
THE CO-OPERATIVE PRESS AGENCY.

DEMOCRACY OR HYPOCRISY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As contributor and reader I have enjoyed the SATURDAY REVIEW for many years; and I have enjoyed it especially during recent years because the farther I am from England the nearer it brings me to dear old London.

I appreciated thoroughly the worth and courage of the article, "The Fashion of Democracy," and Mr. C. F. Ryder's letter, "The Cant of Democracy" in a recent issue.

What a world of cant and hypocrisy is stuffed into that unfortunate word to-day! One of the greatest words, one of the greatest of earth's parties, and it is mauled, and soiled and prostituted by ignorance and chicanery.

Why will the English persist in their ostrich-like policy of not seeing the truth about themselves and their foes?

War is a colossal foulness composed of many minor foulnesses. The thing itself is bad enough for me. I cannot spare time to get excited over the sub-sectional vileness of it, although my son has been gassed several times and now has been sent back to New Zealand as "permanently unfit for service"; and I regard him as a man should another man, be-gotten of himself and made in his own image.

I am above military age and I have since 1914 periodically volunteered to go and kill Germans in any way I am told to. To me it seems utterly idiotic, but, as matters are at present, quite necessary.

I obtrude this personal matter here, for otherwise I should be accused, on account of what I am about to say, of being pro-German, and that would be a grievous error and I am a long way from London town.

The stupidity and hypocrisy of the English in not facing facts, the mental cowardice, if one may call it—*inertia* would probably be a better term—is amazing in a nation that has proved its alertness and valour in the field of battle as they have, until we come to realise that in the past England has allowed her politicians to do what passed as her thinking for her.

The time for that has gone by. England has suffered cruelly because she would not think, because she was case-armoured in her insular conceit and the urbacity of her politicians. Insularity would be a term too complimentary and too all-embracing to use of them; their vision was a kind of certified insolence that needs a special word to describe it, and I can think of none better than *urbacity*.

What they did not know was not worth knowing. Warning and teaching were thrown away on them. The world was watching them and "patterning" on them. Their alleged democracy was the envy of the world. In short they were "*it*," and the rest were nowhere.

This was all very amusing to one who could see it, and be amused by it, as so few could. It has become tragic since then, and had I no other object than to say "*I told you so*," this had better not have been written, but I have.

It is time to drop our hypocrisy. We cannot lose sight of the great foulness. The world knows now who started it. It also knows who ought to have been ready to nip it in the bud, aye, indeed, long before it budded; but what we ought to realise is that Germany is merely trying to follow *as a nation among nations* what is the permitted and admired course of the greatest individual citizens among their fellow-citizens; of the mightiest and most revered corporations among the people of the lands they infest.

Can anyone find anything more completely analogous to the megalomaniac of Europe than the meat trusts and other food thieves of America?

Why should we waste time yelling about the sectional vileness of Germany when the vileness of the national life of England and America furnishes every day the most exact analogies to what Germany is trying "to get away with?"

Perhaps I am not an accurate thinker. If it be so some clever Englishman or American will show me, but it seems to me that the awful sin of the German against the world to-day, as compared with other nations, is merely a matter of the multiplication table and a little geography. I saw more foul outrages committed against women and children in one day in the East End of London than the Germans have poured out of the air since the war began. It is true that I saw them in daylight, that they were not noisy, or spectacular, or dramatic, that even the sufferers did not notice them, but they were ghastly outrages nevertheless—and it took this war *to remove them*; and after this war is finished *it will take a bloody revolution* to keep them away, unless England's supine legislators get down to basic facts at once and realise the duty of the state to the citizen, which neither they nor their American brethren do at present.

No true democracy, either in England or the nations of the world generally, can be established on a foundation of ignorance, blindness and hypocrisy. It is worse than idiotic, it is criminal, to allow a nation like England to go on thinking that the rest of the world looks on her as an injured martyr, for it does not.

If the plain truth must be told, England and America, in their want of care for the citizen, are just plain barbarians. Before the war it was a question which was worse; now I think America has some leeway to make up. Both of them are twenty years behind New Zealand and Australia, and, if they intend to do any good in the future, they must stop troubling so much about the European mote and "get busy" with their respective beams.

When they have cast out the aforesaid beams they will be in a better condition to acquire a correct perspective and to realise that the foundation of national regeneration, especially if that suggestion is to lead to *true democracy*, is humility before God, *knowing* the truth and *doing* it.

If, after that, they can realise that in future, if we expect to make up our losses, the whole world must be run *as a business*, on business lines, by *great business men* in council assembled, instead of by *little politicians*, they will be beginning to realise what *cosmopolitan*, or world-government on scientific business principles, means—and, what is more, they'll be men.

New York, March 30th, 1918. P. A. VAILE.

HOW THE GERMANS KNOW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—On Sunday morning some four weeks ago I was walking in the fields when I met an acquaintance who lived in a neighbouring village.

He related to me the following story:—That a naval raid was being prepared for the purpose of blocking up the sea approaches at Ostend and Zeebrugge by means of filling up old ships with concrete and sinking them in the channels, and that the crews were then to desert them and to be picked up by patrol boats and smaller craft. This was to take place in a few days. I asked him how he heard this and he said that the milkman had a brother who had written to him (the milkman) describing the proposal and saying that that might be his last letter.

I recounted the story to a very small party at the tea-table that afternoon when of course it was received with tolerance but incredulity. Not wishing to be classed as one of those damsillies who have usually wonders to relate, and thinking on consideration that if there were any shred of truth in the story it were better not related, I dismissed the subject and forgot it until I read the account of the raid in the newspapers last week; but if I could hear the story in the course of a country walk it seems that the secret if it were a secret was not well kept. Should you care to publish this letter I enclose my card.

Yours obediently,
RUSTICUS.

April 29, 1918.

P.S.—I was very glad to hear yesterday that the milkman's gallant correspondent had returned safely and had since married.

OUR GENERALS AND THE POWER OF NUMBERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The Germans are fighting not only with all the most formidable engines of war, but are also using both natural and occult sciences to help them. They have calculated and studied the planetary system and timed their battles to obtain the best planetary influences..

English people evidently consider these subjects beneath contempt, or superstitious, and have forgotten that nature has great power, and can heal, comfort, and strengthen man, by the Divine permission, and was apparently so intended. It is of interest to note that among the most eminent philosophers there are such names as Origen, Gregory of Nazianzus, Athanasius and Bede, who have unanimously taught that there is in numbers wonderful efficacy. All things that were first made seem to have been formed by the Creator with due regard to the proportion and value of numbers.

Thus the number of the elements, the motion of the stars, the revolution of the heavens, and the state of all things seem to be held in position by virtue of their numbers, and all things that are made seem to receive their virtue from numbers, because time consists of the succession of units of time, and all motion, action, and all creation are subject to and dependent on time. Harmony also, and sound have their power from the succession of single waves or units of sound and their proportion one to another.

According to ancient writers, every man has a number, and his successes will be obtained on the days and months, and year that are of his number. Napoleon won all his important battles between July 1st and November 15th; Wellington's fortunate period was April and June. If Napoleon had known his number he would not have fought the battle of Waterloo in June and lost.

It is interesting to note that Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's fortunate numbers are 1, 2, and 7. His birth number is one. He was born in the month of June, the number of which is two, and the year of his birth—1861—has seven for its ruler. I notice he was appointed to the 7th Hussars in 1885. The 7 being one of his fortunate numbers and 1885 (in the seven of numbers) counts a double two.

He was made Field Marshal in 1917, which counts as a nine, and is ruled by the planet of war, "Mars." This number would mean fighting but no real success, which comes in 1918, which counts as the number one, the year he should have victory—if there is anything in numbers. Therefore the British may hope for great things this year. Strangely enough, General Carey—the man who recently saved Calais—has only one number. He was born on February 13th, 1867. The date of his birth, number 13, counts 4. The number of the month of his birth is number 4, and the year of his birth counts 4. He should always be successful under the number 4. The Pythagoreans preferred the number 4 to all numbers, because they considered it the foundation of all numbers, and it signified solidity. People ruled by the number 4 have a quiet controlling power with their eyes and so can subdue others. Their greatest fault is that it generally takes some sudden call of circumstances to make them "make the most of themselves." They are generally very sensitive and their feelings easily hurt. They are good readers of character, are active for public good and will often give all they have to relieve the distress of others. I do not know General Carey; I am not acquainted with anyone who knows him; yet I venture to say that, judging by his acts, he answers to his number in every detail. Also it is very unusual to have one number only, and that should accentuate the occult power of the number. Brigadier-General Carey's successes will doubtless always come on the number 4, or the numbers that make four; such as 13 (which counts one and three makes four), and so on.

His Majesty the King's numbers are 3 and 2. His birth number being three (the number of Jupiter), and 2 is the number of the month and year of his birth, which, curiously enough, is the same as Sir Douglas Haig's month of birth and number 1, which is the number of Sir Douglas Haig's birth, is also the Royal number of success.

The omens are cheerful.

Yours faithfully,

B. M. O'REILLY.

REVIEWS.

AUSTRIAN AND GERMAN MANNERS.

Court and Diplomacy in Austria and Germany. By Countess Olga Leutrum. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

THE COUNTESS OLGA LEUTRUM is the widow of a German Graf, who drank himself to death, and the daughter of a Russian Princess and a Hungarian Baron. For some years she was lady-in-waiting to an Austrian Archduchess; so that she is well qualified to write of the manners of those Austrians and Germans who (to use their own slang) are "born." The Austro-Hungarian empire she regards, not as a nation, but as a kind of political syndicate, composed of Royalties (more or less mad, or at least stupid), of a few aristocratic families, and of an outer ring of Government officials. Contrary to the prevalent idea, Countess Leutrum dismisses the great ladies of Vienna and their husbands and lovers as arrogant, ill-bred, snobs. Her explanation of the ill-treatment of the Slavs by the Magyars is interesting. "This conflict between Hungarians proper and the Slav element arose out of an ugly but very human trait. Hungary felt abased, and she looked for one weaker than herself upon whom to wreak her spite. Her suppressed feeling of nationalism made her forget the neighbourliness, the calm living side by side (and the loyal fighting side by side too), that had united the two races for centuries." Countess Leutrum dwells on the complete subservience of Austria to Germany during the last twenty years, and the latent hostility to Russia as the great Slav power. In reading this most interesting book two things must be borne in mind: the writer loved her mother's country and hated her father's, and was furiously Slav in her sympathies; secondly, all but the last chapter was written before the Russian revolution, and that one before the Bolshevik collapse.

To get an idea of the fundamental ferocity and vulgarity of the German officer-class, the following incident is worth quoting. The Countess, having decided on the death of her husband to return to Russia, obtained from the commandant at Munich, where she lived, a military pass, a great privilege only given to persons of influence. She was thus enabled to secure a sleeping-berth carriage to herself through Germany; and just as she was settling down to sleep someone tapped at the door. On opening she saw a young soldier, leaning on a pair of crutches, evidently scarcely able to stand, his right side bulging with bandages, and reeking of iodoform, who said, "Madame, unless you take me in and let me sit down a minute, I must pass the night lying in the corridor, for I cannot stand any longer." Countess Leutrum asked him to come in, and how it was there was no room for a wounded soldier in a none too crowded train. "'Oh, there is room enough,' said the boy, "'but not in the third class.' 'But what does that matter?' I asked bewildered. 'Madame, you do not know Germany, if you ask that. I am the son of people from D—, quite well off. When the war was declared, I volunteered at once. From that instant I became a common soldier, such as I am to-day. As such I have the right to travel third class only. Since I am wounded, I am badly handicapped in a struggle for places. The third class is as full as an egg. I tried the second class. That is full of officers, their wives and orderlies. I dragged myself as far as the first class, as you see. Here many of the compartments are half-empty, three or four officers with their ladies in one of them. I asked everywhere if they would at least let me sit down and rest for a while, but they all refused, and telling me my place was in the third class, and I was to get there, and quickly at that. As if I ever could move quickly again!'" Of course the great lady took him into her sleeper, made him lie down, and solaced him with *eau de cologne* and cushions. Presently the German guard appeared, and seeing the wounded boy comfortably extended, yelled at him, "Hinaus (out with you); don't you know that the

place for a *Gemeiner* (common soldier) is in the third class? You are the same individual who has pestered all the *Herren Offiziere*, whining that they should take you in, and now you force yourself in here, to pester this lady! Hinaus with you, I say, and fast, or I will lend you legs." But the guard had reckoned without the great lady. "Schweigen Sie (be silent)," said the Countess; "cannot you see that this man is ill, and badly wounded? If I choose to take him in, it seems to me that it is nobody else's business, considering I reserved this berth." We do not really think that *anybody* but a German official could have answered as follows. "It is true it is none of my business if a lady wishes to sleep with a common soldier, but you cannot pay for his fare first-class, as it is entirely against every order and regulation that he should be here at all!" This incredible insolence and brutality the Countess met by producing her *Militär-pass* and five marks, advising the guard to take the money and depart, or she would report him to the highest military authority travelling on the train. "I suppose I looked unpleasantly determined, for the brute crumpled up at once, extending a filthy hand for the bribe, and murmuring abject excuses for 'only obeying orders.'" Such are the Germans! If they treat their own wounded in this fashion, how can we be surprised at anything they do to our wounded? And this is the "Kultur" that is to civilise the world at the point of the bayonet!

ON TRAMP.

A Poet's Pilgrimage. By W. H. Davies. Melrose. 6s. net.

M R. DAVIES resembles George Borrow in many things; in his love of the open road, his honest devotion to beer and his curiosity first about himself and secondly about his companions by the way. But, whereas Borrow was a splendid romantic, Mr. Davies is plain matter-of-fact. One does not need to be that altogether tiresome person "your true Borrowian," to perceive that Mr. Petulengro and the Flaming Tinman are as essentially the creations of fancy as Balzac's *Vautrin* and *Madame Marneffe*. Mr. Davies's tramps remain tramps, rags, fleas and all; when they talk humorously he sets down their remarks with point, when they are dull he follows their example. Some of his stories, too, begin well and then let one down with a bump. Thus he visits Newport, Monmouth, to see a strange woman who had scared him out of his wits when a boy. He had surreptitiously removed the cap she always wore and had discovered underneath it a pair of hard curled horns. He finds that she is dead, and when he comes to consider matters, he is not surprised. That is all. Borrow would have gone on to drop portentous hints; he would have retailed the whispers of the nurse and the undertaker and he would have ended by thoroughly surprising both his readers and himself. Mr. Davies's veracity is to be admired, but he frequently descends to the trivial, more especially when his own sensations are concerned. He gazes once more on Tintern Abbey by moonlight, and feels that the errand-boy of twenty-seven years ago was a finer enthusiast than the poet of to-day. A Congregationalist chiropodist could not have been more obviously prosaic.

The author of 'The Diary of a Super-Tramp' carries, all the same, a sharp pair of eyes in his head, even if he has failed to note down anything quite so significant as the Church of England cat of Borrow's 'Wild Wales.' As a Monmouthshire man, Mr. Davies understands the Welsh, while he has been away

from them long enough to be able to pick out their peculiarities. While invariably courteous to strangers, so courteous, as many a walking-tour party has discovered, you are often told that you have eight miles to go when the real distance is nearly twenty, they regard the immigrant Briton with deep suspicion. A Monmouthshire man—and Monmouthshire is only politically Welsh—set up in business at Neath. He found that if he fixed one price for an article, the natives invariably thought they were being robbed. It was necessary to put on a fictitious value, so as to allow for the haggle. "But if I do that," said the righteous man to his neighbours who knew, "I shall be taking a mean advantage of my other customers." However, it was no good; he had one quotation for those who spoke English, another for those whose language was the vernacular. And then there are those fierce rivalries between town and town and valley and valley, rivalries about which football referees have sinister tales to tell. Mr. Davies tells a capital Scotch one, of the hapless *Shanks* who was induced to shout "I'm a Hieland mon" in a Glasgow lodging-house. Still in Wales romance yet lingers, the eternal romance of scenery and song. Where else but in the Rhondda Valley could public-house merriment have been interrupted by the devastating remark, "Aristotle was Plato's pupil?" "Garn! What do you mean, you bad-minded villain?" cried one. "We are respectable married women," cried another. Hostilities would have ensued, if the drunken eccentric had not silenced opposition with, "There is no harm in what I have said, and please remember that I am a stranger in the town."

When Mr. Davies quits South Wales, and betakes himself to the old Bath Road, he shares the freedom of the highway once again with the cynical British tramp. He may have lost a little of his zest for the life, since he has taken to Temperance hotels and "pubs" rather than "doss-houses," but still he brings out the philosophy of the road as few other writers can. Beggars and navvies, it appears, will never agree. Beggars despise a navvy because he works so very hard for a living, and navvies always envy a beggar because he can live without work. A cadger is independent, but, we quote one *Slug*, an experienced professional, a navvy is often out of a job, and is glad to be assisted by beggars. Still *Slug* regards himself as a model of industry; "We must work for a living sometimes," he will say, or "I earned something at that house." A beggar has to work hard sometimes for what he gets." We get, too, a new idea of the educational advantages at Oxford from a friend of *Slug's*. "If you had had three months hard labour at Oxford the same as I had you'd learn something, let me tell you that." From Mr. Davies himself we discover the true inwardness of the joys of "padding the hoof." He can sit by the hour on a bankside and yet not a single passer-by can say, "That man's name is Davies." He means that with knapsack and mackintosh he would not be quite so much his own master.

As befits a poet, Mr. Davies has interpersed his prose-sketches with verse, but it is not of much moment. His best effort is about a blind boxer, formerly the terror of the place, now with his basket of nuts told, "Out you go" from a public-house. *Crabbe* would have called him *William*; betrothed him to *Eliza*, and moved us with his woes, after, strucken by "Vulcan's fatal dart" he was doomed to hawk "the hedgerows' shelly harvest." But Mr. Davies is hardly *Crabbe*. Prose in his happier instrument, since he writes the stout nervous stuff that another self-taught man, old *Cobbett*, wrote before him. Only he does not select enough, and though telling his stories well seems careless of what stories he tells.

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A BRILLIANT ESSAYIST.

"New and Old." By Edith Sichel; with an Introduction by A. C. Bradley. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

THE title of this book hardly does justice to its contents, which are of exceptional interest and quality. Of the author Mr. Andrew Bradley's gracefully sympathetic introduction gives a delightful impression. If not a conspicuous figure in the world of letters, Edith Sichel won for herself definite rank among distinguished writers, while her conversational gifts were of a high order. Of the few salons that London contrived to muster during recent years she is entitled to be credited with one which, however small and unassuming, was signified by the true cachet. There she would diffuse among her guests—a felicitously assorted group of writers, wits, politicians, philanthropists—a bright and animating influence, combining with admirable address the capacities of listener and talker. Her courtesy and tactfulness were particularly noticeable; if mediocrity chanced occasionally to mingle with her élite she took care that it never felt itself slighted.

As a writer she left few paths unexplored. Fiction, poetry, history, critical studies, by all in turn she was strongly attracted. Her first love was, apparently, fiction, and her most important venture in that direction was a novel entitled "Worthington Junior," published in 1893, a striking portrayal of Whitechapel life revealing, perhaps, more intimate knowledge than is to be found in "No. 5. John Street," Richard Whiteing's well-known book on the same subject, which appeared a few years later. In spite, however, of its undoubted merit, "Worthington Junior" altogether missed fire, while "No. 5 John Street" contrived to win a reception accorded to no other novel of its day. If Mr. Whiteing deserved his profusion of laurels, Miss Sichel was entitled to at least a spray; but young authors who plunge unbefriended into the literary current are seldom smiled upon by Fortune, and "Worthington Junior" was consigned to oblivion, not a little to the chagrin of its talented writer, who was not encouraged to embark again on a similar venture. But the quality of her touch in dealing with a theme and atmosphere kindred to those of "Worthington Junior" is well evidenced by a short sketch in the volume under review entitled "Gladys Leonora Pratt," which, if occasionally a trifle over-charged, teems with grim power and ghastly luridness. Her descriptive faculty, whatever the subject, is especially effective. Take, for instance, the following impression of Sandown races (written when she was not more than twenty-four), a gem of which George Borrow might justly have been envious:—

"The Sandown races were the first I had ever seen, and it was like reading six pages of Tolstoi—or rather *vice versa*—though not so exciting. Still, it was very wonderful—the rush and the light and the colour of it, the rainbow jockeys on their glossy-coated steeds straight out of the 'Arabian Nights,' pawing, arching their royal necks, flying across the smooth-shaven turf. And the breathless pause before the winner outstrips his comrades! And then the people—so different from one's everyday experience—overstrung old gentlemen with vicious waistcoats; burly old ladies with very golden hair; queer young ladies with hats as high as their manners; octogenarian Adamites, with shy bald faces, who looked as if they had been born and bred in Bond Street at five o'clock of a June afternoon; and hundreds of walking chess-boards, with voices as loud as their checks, and hats on one side (why do horsey people always wear their hats on one side? I can get no one to solve this mystery for me). What a good thing it is for one to see a wholly different side of life from that which one is accustomed to—even if it only teaches one that there are things wholly out of one's own taste and experience, in which people take an absorbing interest. . . . All the same, and priggishness apart, the way races take place (not the races themselves, nor the bare fact of seeing) is quite out of keeping with Christianity. Straight upon the hideous din of the betting, and the visible fact that thousands

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are spent on the mere keeping of horses, comes poor starving Mrs. Payne's plaintive: 'Yes, Miss, I know the rich 'ave their troubles, they trouble about the poor'; and one knew that the turning of the temple into a den of thieves was by no means a story of the past alone.'

While there is hardly a page in this volume that is not rich in attractiveness, it is as a chronicler of the celebrities of pre-Revolution France that the writer is, we think, most fascinating. For depicting them in their vivid setting she possessed a gift amounting to little less than genius. The *Grand Monarque*, the *Bien-Aimé*, Madame de Maintenon, Madame du Deffand, Mdlle. de Lespinasse, Madame de Genlis, and various others are divested of their stage finery and presented in real raiment wrought by an unerring hand. It is an enthralling series of *tableaux* which, transported into the courtly corrupt world of the *ancien régime*, amid the glitter of jewels and the gleam of sconces, we are enabled to survey, and examine, and consider at close quarters.

An admirable example of this series is the estimate of Louis the Fourteenth. Readers will find here a picture of the true Louis, as contrasted with Thackeray's caricature, which, however piquant, is, like his famous impression of George the Fourth, of no historical value.

Of a widely different character, but full of poignant interest, are the 'Thoughts' and 'Extracts From Letters,' which constitute a mine of acute and sometimes profound aphorism. Literature, however, by no means monopolized Edith Sichel's energies, which were equally active in the field of philanthropy and are well described in Mr. Bradley's exhaustive preface.

In the midst of this strenuous and varied life, whether as writer, hostess or benefactor always lavishing her best, she unexpectedly passed away a few weeks after the outbreak of the present war. To her friends the loss was inestimable; but in this volume they are endowed with a legacy which enables them, in a sense, still to commune with her and to profit by her rare excellence and wisdom.

THREE NOVELS.

Mr. Cushing and Mademoiselle du Chastel. By Frances Rumsey. Lane, 6s.

THE author of this novel has set herself an unusually difficult theme—the story of the marriage of two fine creatures, an American of the best type and a Frenchwoman of old aristocratic family and instincts, and of its inevitable ruin by virtue of their good qualities. It is a theme worthy of George Meredith at his subtlest, one which Henry James knew too much and too little of France to essay.

Mdlle. du Chastel, left an orphan at an early age, had been adopted by an American lady living in Paris, a relation of Mr. Cushing, and was married from her house. Transplanted from Paris to the United States, she found herself in an atmosphere where women were treated as luxuries—spoiled and ignored in the serious business of life. A little cloud of mal-understanding began to grow between them. Her logical mind, her acceptance of the facts, her insistence on formalities as a guard of her own personality, her refusal to surrender her individuality, all jarred upon Cushing's sense of romance, his idealism of sentiment. His indirectness and lack of definition, his inability to see what her point of view was, left her wondering about him, and destroyed the self-confidence without which married life could not exist. Their rupture is brought about by the reappearance of an old love of Mr. Cushing. Here one feels that the author makes too much of the jealousy episode—perhaps a concession to the average reader. A woman like Mdlle. du Chastel could not feel about Mrs. Herring in that way—contemptuous, scornful, yes—and hurt at what seemed lack of good faith; but her fine sense would have prevented her making a scene, she had the pride of centuries at her back and could not be jealous of such a woman.

Mme. du Chastel's second venture with another American, Mr. Irish, of another type, also ends in failure, perhaps because of too complete an understanding on both sides of the inherent difficulties of the situation, and she is driven to return to Paris to live under the shadow of some distant relations, a life of retirement and comparative poverty. The book ends with a proposal of Cushing that they should re-marry, at whatever risks.

This novel is, if we mistake not, the author's second publication—the first, 'Leonora,' being published in 1910. It places Miss Rumsey among the little group of writers of fiction whose work counts. It is one of the most subtle, the most delicate works of fiction that have come before us for years, astonishingly good.

Impossible People. By Mrs. George Wemyss. Constable 5/- net.

A NEW novel by the author of 'The Professional Aunt' would in any case be welcome, but to come across so delightful a book as this in the course of one's reading is a pleasant surprise. But the average person must be warned: to see how good it is, you must have at least the possibility of sympathy with "impossibles," or better still, be just a little, no matter how harmlessly, "impossible" yourself, if only in the matter of attending Fancy Fairs, for example. John and Joanna, the heroes of the book, who have adopted Hope, are lovable dears, Lady Agnes Norman seems to grow into their milieu as the story progresses, and Hope is a quite good study of what a girl of her nature would become under the training of the modern efficient teacher. Milly is another "impossible;" arriving in London on a visit, "directly she saw Miss Column she began making bird noises, and Miss Column couldn't explain the situation to the small telegraph boy who was waiting in the hall." Willing Manners is another; he abducts Hope in a motor cab to use her as a model for his next heroine; incidentally his mother is delightful. Then there is Googlie, who refuses to be forgiven—and comforts his mother with "Aren't you glad I'm not twins?" and Mrs. Don who explains to a Cabinet Minister at a party that his collar

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was dry-starched. The book is full of good things, and the story is told with such simplicity—perhaps self-conscious but charming—that its pathetic beauty leaves a lasting impression.

Mrs. Bente. By C. E. Lawrence. Collins. 6s. net.

GERVASE BENTE is a curate in an East End parish, young, ascetic, and an idealist. He attempts to save the soul of a young person of no virtue and doubtful origin ("an officer's daughter") by assisting to keep her, while his colleague, Arthur Jerome, puts a choir boy in the way of salvation by teaching him the "left 'ook." Bente comes to marriage and leaving the parish for a curacy in the country where the lady's anecdotes are unknown, then, by a rapid declension, to a forced resignation, and the return of the wife to her vocation. It is a familiar story, unfortunately, but Mr. Lawrence tells it well. You get to know the characters at once and his powers of description and analysis are striking.

ONCE A MONTH.

The *Nineteenth Century* opens with an article by Mr. Sydney Brooks on 'The King and the War.' The contrast between the English and the German monarch is obvious and hardly needs emphasizing. Mr. Brooks does well, however, in pointing out Royal activities of which little is known because of "the unpretentious, the almost retiring way, in which the King goes about his business." Mr. H. F. Wyatt has some striking remarks in 'The German Creed and the Aeroplane.' The 'Creed' has been pretty widely discussed by this time, but there are still people who do not believe in its details and their inevitable results. Dr. William Barry develops the same subject well in his 'False and True Idealism in War.' In 'Safe from Democracy' Sir J. D. Rees writes of India and pleads for more moderation from those who denounce the forward party. We certainly agree that "the outcry against Mr. Montagu's visit to India is unreasonable." His experience of the country is bound to be of real value, and may modify his opinions. Mr. Frank Morris has some good suggestions concerning 'Food Money,' a scheme for the improvement of our present system of rationing. We like the human touches in Corporal Ward Muir's notes of a London War-Hospital Orderly, and Father Sharpe's very different notes on Empedocles, but the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke's 'Historical Parallel' is too full of commonplaces familiar to many readers.

Mr. Frederic Harrison is in good form in his 'Obiter Scripta' in the May *Fortnightly*, dealing with education, our flying men, and some judgments in letters. He writes of critics on their off days, and his own views will not please everybody. Carlyle's grumblings about Walter Scott are not potent to-day, but we wonder if Mr. Harrison thinks Scott's 'Journal' negligible. It was only published in the nineties of last century, but it lent some poignant prose to what he calls "Lockhart's commonplaces." Many-headed Democracies and War," by "Politicus," considers a theme we have already dwelt on, and refers to Faguet's denunciation of 'The Cult of Incompetence.' Napoleon's views on war and generals are cited with effect. 'The Fight against Starvation' is a call once more for "Ships, ships!" The writer, "Vestis," points out that the history of our Mercantile Marine has been neglected and its work in creating sea-power misunderstood. "Auditor Tantum" has some amusing studies of the less important men in the House of Commons, and there are, of course, fresh contributions to the literature of the food crisis and the profiteer. 'Mr. Redmond as Irish Leader; and his Legacy' are considered by Mr. John McGrath, an admirer whose views are hardly likely to be widely appreciated in this country. Capt. W. Cecil Price gives some useful information concerning the conditions of volunteering to-day in 'The Spare Time Force.'

This month's *Blackwood* has two excellent narratives of escapes by prisoners. Capt. E. H. Keeling got away with three companions from the camp at Kastamuni in Asia Minor, was caught on the edge of the Black Sea, taken back, and rescued by some rebel "comrades" who treated him with the utmost kindness and consideration. Finally he and two of his party reached Sebastopol and safety. He says that he was very well treated during his whole time in Russia in spite of the Revolution, and no one can fail to notice the gentlemanly behaviour of the Turks. Mr. Wallace Ellison's 'Escaped! Adventures in German Captivity,' is to be continued. We leave him in a German prison after being within ten minutes of freedom and the Dutch frontier. "Batouri" is an admirable writer on African matters, and his account of the trials of a force in East Africa is capital reading. We do not care much for the verse in the number. In 'Ahmed Deen,' Sir James Willcocks is fluent, but he uses several prosy phrases.

In the *Cornhill* Mrs. Humphry Ward continues her interesting recollections with stories of Goschen, Acton, Browning, and the making of 'Robert Elsmere.' Browning's idea of great men



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ARGENTINE TOBACCO LIMITED.

The SIXTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this company was held on April 26th, at Winchester House

Baron Emile B. d'Erlanger, who presided, said that at the date of the balance sheet—October 31st last—the company had approximately £1,050,000 worth of liquid assets (as compared with £1,010,000 a year previously) as against some £575,500 of liabilities, including the debentures outstanding. Further, the fixed plant and machinery stood at the very low figure of £40,000. They also owned freehold land and buildings to the amount of £135,000. The trading profit for the year amounted to £275,000, showing a decrease of £74,000 as compared with the previous year, but, further economies having been effected, the general charges only amounted to £123,000—a reduction of £17,000. To the net profit of £112,000 they added a transfer from reserve for contingencies of £3,370. This gave them a balance of approximately £116,000, representing the amortisation of £110,400 of debentures at 105 per cent. The balance of the profit and loss account had been dealt with by the placing of £30,400 to depreciation, and the application of £80,000 in the reduction of goodwill. As some shareholders were under the mistaken impression that this £80,000 might have been applied to the payment of dividends, he wished to point out that the total of £115,000—made up of this £80,000, added to £30,000 for depreciation and £5,000 representing the premium on debentures—was the exact amount which they had disbursed in cash in respect of the repayment of debentures out of the profits for the year. By this repayment they had reduced their liabilities by £110,000. The reluctance he displayed at the previous meeting to deal prematurely with a reconstruction scheme which would free the profits for dividend purposes only too clearly indicated that the directors had some misgivings at that time as to possibility of maintaining the profits of the company. The accounts now submitted showed that the fears then entertained had materialised. He imagined they were trading in practically the only country where the price of cigarettes and tobaccos had never been raised since the outbreak of the war. The rise in cost was primarily due to two causes—first, the increased cost of labour, of which the strikes which had occurred in the Argentine had given so frequent and manifest a proof; and secondly, the rise in the price of all imported materials which formed the constituent parts of their produce—he meant the increased cost of imported tobacco, paper, etc. This state of things, which, as long as the war continued would have a tendency to become worse, was receiving the incessant attention of the board, and his colleague, Baron Portalis, was at present in the Argentine studying the situation thoroughly, with a view, if possible, to improving matters.

The report was unanimously adopted.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of proprietors of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, Cannon Street, E.C., April 25th. Mr. Alfred W. Smithers (chairman of the company) presided.

The Secretary (Mr. H. H. Norman) read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman: "Ladies and gentlemen, I must at once express the deep disappointment with which the Board present to you to-day the very unsatisfactory report of the working of your railway for 1917. The results are the worst since 1895, and they arise from causes entirely beyond the control of the Board or management. This terrible war has stimulated business of all kinds in Canada, especially in the manufacture of munitions and other requirements of the Armies and in the general demand for wheat and foodstuffs. It has led to a great drain on the man power of the Dominion in providing and maintaining its contribution to the Imperial Forces—a magnificent contribution of splendid men, for whose fine and courageous service the Empire as a whole, and the Mother Country in particular, is and will be for ever deeply grateful. (Applause.) The same causes have been prevalent in America, and the result has been an enormous increase in the cost of labour, coal, and all materials used by the railway companies. The net result to our company for the past year is that whereas we carried an increased traffic amounting to £905,742—by far the largest traffic in our history—instead of making any profit, the carrying of that enormous traffic caused an increase of £1,774,867 in expenses, and involved a net loss on the year's working of £869,125. This occurred in spite of the great efforts of our officers to work economically, evidence of which is clearly shown in the report by a decrease of 3,052,000 train miles, or 13.34 per cent.; while the gross receipts showed an increase, as I have just stated, of over £900,000, or 9.22 per cent.

The following are the principal items of increased cost of working:—Maintenance of way and structures, increase £324,000; maintenance of equipment, £421,000; and conducting transportation, £994,000. These increases are caused by the enormous rise in wages and cost of material, the higher cost of coal alone amounting to about £600,000."

After further remarks as to his visit to Canada last May, and his ultimate success in getting an increase of rates sanctioned of 15 per cent., the Chairman moved:—"That the report and accounts be adopted." This was seconded by Sir Henry Mather Jackson, Bart.

BOLIVAR CONCESSIONS (1917), LIMITED.
AGREEMENT TO TRANSFER ASSETS UNANIMOUSLY APPROVED.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING was held last Thursday, April 25th, and in the course of his remarks the Chairman (Mr. Duncan Elliott Alves) said:—"This meeting has been convened for the purpose of your considering and sanctioning the transfer of the whole of your assets. The proposals are that the entire undertaking be transferred to the British Controlled Oil Fields, Ltd., a company incorporated in Canada, which has a nominal capital of \$12,000,000 (£2,500,000). This company will provide working capital to develop and conduct the business of the Bolivar Concessions to the amount of 3½ million dollars (£700,000). The present shareholders will receive 800,000 shares of \$5 each (approximately representing £800,000), or about one-third of the entire capital of the British Controlled Oil Fields, Ltd. The purchase consideration will be represented by Seven per Cent. Preference shares, convertible into Common stock of the company, in part or whole, at any time considered desirable. (Hear, hear.) The purchase consideration—that is to say, the \$4,000,000 (or £800,000) Preferred stock—together with a share interest which will provide 3½ million dollars, or £700,000, working capital, will rank as a prior and first charge on the entire undertaking, all other interests being represented by Common stock, and accordingly being a secondary charge. Should the undertaking reach that stage of commercial prosperity which it is confidently believed by those who are in the best position to judge that it will, then the interests payable on the Common stock might conceivably reach a very important figure, and the Preference shareholders have the right of conversion into Common stock, either in part or whole, which makes the Preference interests more than ordinarily attractive. It is confidently believed that, owing to the association of powerful interests which are being amalgamated with this enterprise, that the British Controlled Oil Fields will assume an important position in the oil markets of the Allied countries. All those parties in Venezuela and all other interests who will be instrumental in bringing about this important development and in providing the very large amount of working capital which will be available for conducting the entire business of the company—in which I wish to particularly draw your attention, gentlemen, that I and other directors of the company are included—will be remunerated in their various degrees, and in proportion to the assistance they will render, only by Common stock of the company."

Replying to a shareholder's question as to whether it would be possible to produce oil more quickly under the new organisation, the Chairman said that was one of the principal reasons that had induced the directors to bring about this new arrangement. He then put the resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Teniers, and carried unanimously.

LONDON AND BRAZILIAN BANK.
SATISFACTORY YEAR'S BUSINESS.

THE FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of the London and Brazilian Bank, Ltd., was held on April 26th at the offices, No. 7, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C. Mr. John Beaton (the chairman of the company), presiding, said:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am very pleased that, notwithstanding the restrictions in connection with foreign banking, we are able to put before you a satisfactory result of last year's business, as shown in the report and balance-sheet submitted to this meeting, both of which, I suppose, you will, as usual, take as read. The net profit amounts to £238,535, being an increase of £37,000 on that of 1917. Adding thereto the balance brought forward, there is an available total of £537,385. Comparing the balance sheet with the preceding one, its total shows a small reduction of £5,700. The deposits and current account at the branches, £8,990,000, are £656,000 more and those in London £110,000 more. The bills payable are £920,000 less and also the bills receivable £1,024,000 less. These reductions are the result of a continual larger use of cable payments, in which we have done a very large business. The bills for collection, £3,288,000, are £137,000 more. On the assets side the cash, £4,365,000, is £576,000 less. The bills discounted and loans, £8,124,000, show the large increase of £1,665,000—consequent on greater trade activity generally and, I may add, with better rates of interest.

Turning to the profit and loss account, the gross profit is £38,000 more and also the charges to the extent of £34,000, which is due to a higher exchange in Brazil and to increases of salaries and war allowances, for which I prepared you last year. It also includes £1,900 grants to war charities. The available balance amounts, as I have already mentioned, to £537,385, which we propose to deal with as follows:—We paid an interim dividend last October of 14s. per share, amounting to £87,500 and we now recommend a further like payment, making the dividend for the year 14 per cent. We also recommend the payment of a bonus of 4s. per share, thus making a total distribution of 16 per cent. on the paid-up capital. These payments will absorb £200,000, leaving a balance of £337,385, which we recommend should be appropriated as follows:—£25,000 in reduction of premises account, £12,000 for the payment of a bonus to the staff of 7½ per cent. on their salaries, and £300,385 to be carried forward."

After further remarks, the Chairman proposed the adoption of the report and accounts. This was seconded by Mr. W. Douré Hoare (deputy-chairman) and carried unanimously.

GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS

LARGER BUSINESS AND SUBSTANTIALLY INCREASED PROFITS.

THE NINETEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., was held on April 30th on the premises, 112, Regent Street, W., Mr. A. T. Isaac, chairman of the company, said:—Gentlemen, the report and balance-sheet for the year ended 31st January, 1918, have been sent to you by post. In submitting them for your adoption, the directors, in addition to the payment of 5 per cent. on the Preference shares, recommend a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. on the Ordinary shares, carrying forward £23,025 to the new profit and loss account. The declaration of a dividend of 7½ per cent. will, I am sure, be as welcome to the shareholders as it is satisfactory to the directors. This is at the rate of the last dividend paid by the company before the outbreak of war.

Now, turning to the figures of the balance sheet, I think a few observations are necessary. You will observe that the item of sundry creditors shows an increase of £86,691. This is due to the increase of our stock by £105,486, and the cash balance is £35,499 less. The decrease in securities is due to realisations to meet increase of stock. Our debtors are up to £45,276, due to increased trading towards the end of the financial year. In the profit and loss account an increase of working expenses has again to be noticed. Practically all of this increase is made up of increased wages and advertising. The rise in the cost of living is mainly responsible, and I am afraid we can look for no check to this tendency so long as the price of every article of consumption continues to rise. The item of provision for redemption of leases shows an increase of £1,567. This amount necessarily increases each year. Gross profit on trading is £29,047 up. The net profit is £10,881 11s. 11d., as against £25,317 14s. 9d. of last year, showing an increase of £15,363 17s. 2d. You will agree, I think, that we have good grounds to congratulate ourselves on the state of our enterprise. (Hear, hear.) I now beg to move: "That the report and accounts for the year ended 31st January, 1918, as presented by the directors and auditors, be approved and adopted, and that the directors' recommendation as to the dividend be and is hereby adopted." I will ask Mr. Ashwin to second that resolution.

Mr. E. G. Ashwin (the deputy chairman) seconded the motion.

THE MAZAWATTEE TEA COMPANY, LIMITED.

Presiding at the TWENTY-SECOND ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING held at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Alexander Jackson, the chairman of the company, said he did not feel that they could proceed with the business of the meeting without first referring to their late chairman, Mr. John Lane Densham, whose death he much regretted to state took place in South Africa on the 19th February last. He was a gentleman with a great and charming personality, and more than respected by all who knew him either in business or in private life; and in view of all that he had done for the business, he would like to suggest that the meeting should send some expression of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Densham. He then moved a resolution to that effect which was carried unanimously.

In moving the adoption of the report and accounts, the chairman said that the profit for the past year was £50,103 against £35,086 for the preceding year. The directors had to face many difficulties, and there had been many changes in the distribution of food, while tea had been under Government control for the greater part of the year. The short supplies of tea that had been available could have been avoided had those responsible for shipping taken the proper steps in time, and no control would then have been needed. The trade would have been left to its normal course and the public would have obtained tea at a lower price. While practically every other article was going up in price during the earlier stages of the war, tea was the one and only article he knew of that either remained normal or was sold cheaper. The Government scheme now in operation was for a tea at one price only, viz., 2s. 8d., but this was adopted against the advice of the most experienced men in the trade. How long it would last, no one could tell, but it was very serious for those firms who specialised in choice teas. The outlook in the tea trade was a gloomy one, but they could do nothing as that portion of the business was under Government control, and they were doing their utmost to carry out the wishes of the Ministry of Food. Their business in coffee and coffee extracts had increased, and trade in other departments had been satisfactory.

Many of their old staff were serving with the colours, and like all other business concerns they had their list of wounded and dear fellows who had made the great sacrifice. Their hope was that they had not done so in vain, and that victory and a lasting peace would soon be assured.

The accounts and the recommendation of the directors to pay two years' Preference dividend were adopted, and a vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the proceedings.

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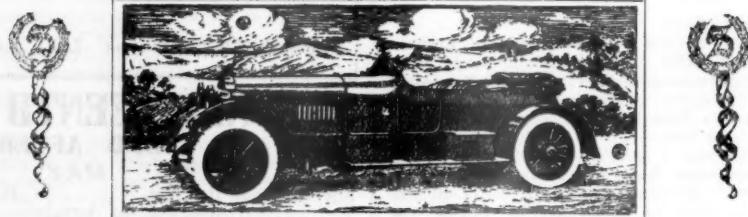
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THE CITY.

The time may come when public and financial interests in Canada will regret the present attitude of the Dominion Government toward the Grand Trunk Railway. The company is being subjected to deliberate and systematic bad treatment. It is the pioneer railway company in Canada and since its inception in 1853 over £90,000,000 of British money has been put into the undertaking. But like the old and tried servant of the family its virtues are unappreciated by the younger generation. The annual meetings of the Grand Trunk have not always been unanimous; but last week the dignified protest uttered by Mr. A. W. Smithers, the company's chairman, received whole-hearted support. Railways throughout the world are suffering from the high cost of fuel, labour and materials, but, while those in Great Britain and the United States have been taken under Government control and have had their dividends guaranteed on the pre-war basis, Canadian lines have been left to fight unaided. The Grand Trunk carried the largest traffic in its history in 1917, but an increase of £905,742 in gross receipts was converted into a net loss of £869,000 because working expenses rose £1,774,867. In April, 1917, application was made for Government permission to increase rates to meet enlarged costs; not until March last was an increase of 15 per cent. sanctioned, which was too late to affect last year's results and inadequate to cover the rise in expenses. The officials responsible for the delay in granting this insufficient increase were also the authors of the celebrated Drayton report which recommended that the Grand Trunk Railway should be relieved of its liability in respect to the Grand Trunk Pacific, and that it should be practically taken over by the Government on payment of an annuity based on average net earnings distributed during the ten years ended December 31st, 1916. The annuity recommended is a "moderate percentage" of the annual average for the first seven years to be subsequently increased. Mr. Smithers calculates that this

would not give more than $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the first preference stock for the first seven years, and that a substantial increase would leave nothing for the third preference and ordinary stocks. This would virtually extinguish £7,000,000 of their preference and £24,000,000 of ordinary stock. In the matter of rates all the Canadian lines are presumably treated alike; but in other matters there has been discrimination against the Grand Trunk. The Canadian Pacific has had in 35 years £69,500,000 from the Government, of which £23,800,000 is the company's valuation of land still unsold; the Canadian Northern has had £59,600,000 in 15 years; the Grand Trunk Pacific £22,800,000 in 15 years, and the Grand Trunk £5,600,000 of which £3,000,000 was lent to assist the building of a line to Portland, Maine, U.S.A., to give Montreal an ice-free winter port. The line was built entirely with British money, and, if the injustice to British investors becomes persistent, it cannot fail to react unfavourably on Canadian credit.

British banking stands in the limelight now that everybody has a cheque book and bankers have become eloquent. But one important branch of the profession often escapes the favourable notice it deserves. The vast system of British overseas banking expands steadily, solidly, and almost silently. Take as an example the Standard Bank of South Africa: catering for the financial requirements of a continent, closely following the flag by opening new branches as soon as the German has been driven out, this institution is now participating handsomely in South African prosperity. For the year 1917 net profits were £406,712 comparing with £364,823 for 1916 and the dividend and bonus of 15½ per cent. stand against 14 per cent. for the preceding year. Deposits increased from £25,338,128 to £32,981,023; bills discounted grew from £4,479,611 to £7,865,095, and loans from £16,259,928 to £19,263,569. These figures suffice to indicate that the bank is playing an important part in South Africa's agricultural and industrial advance.



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FICTION IN BRIEF.

Messrs. Nelson have sent us a number of reprints. 'The Waters of Jordan,' by Horace Vachell, 'The God in the Car,' by Antony Hope, and 'The Matador,' by Vincent Blasco Ibáñez, translated by Mrs. Gillespie, are in their 1s. 3d. series. The last named is a first-rate story, and should be popular in this form. 'Desert Gold' and 'The Light of Western Stars,' by Zane Grey (1s. 6d. each) introduce New Mexico to the English reader. They contain exactly the right mixture of sentiment, adventure, and picturesque novelty to make them a great success. 'Mr. Webster and Others,' by Mrs. W. K. Clifford (Collins. 1s. 6d.), evinces her peculiar mastery over the novelette, using the word in its true sense, though we fear the subacid flavour of her stories must militate against their popularity.

'Jamesie,' by Ethel Sidgwick (Sidgwick & Jackson, 5s. net), is undoubtedly difficult reading even to those who have met some of the characters in it before. One feels, on laying it down, as if one had made a long railway journey in company with a vivacious family party of entire strangers whose indiscretion always broke off in time. Jamesie is a delightful boy, his father and mother are great, and the naughtiness of the girls, even at its most demented, leaves one sympathetic. The author's notion of telling

a story in letters differs widely from that of her predecessors, and, though the modern letter scores over its Augustan prototype in the absence of longwindedness, it suffers by the comparison in other respects.

'First the Blade,' by Clemence Dane (Heinemann, 6s. net), has for subtitle 'a comedy of growth.' It is the growth of Laura and Justin, two children temperamentally lonely, who are thrown together by circumstances so that the girl loves the boy, and the boy accepts her adoration. We follow the development of character in the pair till at last the woman finds that her love demands that the man shall know what love is before she marries, and the story ceases on an unresolved discord. The author of 'Regiment of Women' has improved on a successful first novel by a fine piece of work.

'The Iniquitous Coaster,' by J. M. Stuart Young (Stockwell, 5s. net) is the second volume of 'The Coaster at Home,' being a history of the life and opinions of a trader in a Nigerian factory. A great part of the book is taken up with contributions to the local press, interesting as reflecting opinion during the first years of the war, and there is a thin thread of a story, but the part of permanent interest is the author's speculations and observations on the native psychology, stories and music. They have the value of coming from an open-minded observer, without any prejudice against the negro, or theory about him to prove.

'A Marrying Man,' by G. B. Stern (Nisbet, 6s. net), might well have been called 'Two Managing Women.' Gareth Temple, the hero of the book, is a quite capable, ordinary person, with a good deal of the feminine in his nature, who accidentally gets into a compromising position with Kathleen Morrison, and proposes to marry her. She refuses, but sets up housekeeping with him instead. The housekeeping persists long after Kathleen is heartily sick of Gareth. He meets and falls in love with Patricia O'Neill, and they marry after an explanation between the two women, and once more his futility asserts itself. On the last leaf Kathleen says 'And I stood this sort of thing for sixteen years.' The tale is well-written, a clever and interesting character study.

'The Man With the Club-Foot,' by Douglas Valentine (Jenkins, 5s. net), is as good a story as we expect to read. From the first night in the Hotel Sixt at Rotterdam we follow Desmond Okewood, equipped with the insignia of the inner circle of the German Secret Service, through a whirling maze of hairbreadth escapes and wild happenings, including an interview with the Kaiser himself, until at last he reaches home with his brother and the woman that brother had loved.

'All Ages,' by J. J. Bell (Mills & Boon, 5s. net) is a collection of eighteen short stories by the author of 'Wee Macgregor.' They range in character from the humorous to the sentimental, but even the most sentimental are not without their underlying pawky humour. The children, as is to be expected, are the most interesting people in the book, and 'Magic,' in which the children's wishes seem to effect the transformations they desire, is probably as good a story as the author has written, which is saying much.

'Jess of the River,' by T. G. Roberts (Long, 6s. net), is a tale of the forest regions of Eastern Canada, with Indians, whisky-runners, fighting, timber-floating, and adventure generally. Captain Roberts introduces us in his romances to a world peopled by strange beings of strong character, and this book, though not his best work, will satisfy the public to which he appeals.

'Mulberry Springs,' by Margaret Storrs Turner (Unwin, 6s.), is a very striking book to appear as a First Novel. It tells the story of a very inconsequential Marie-Louise, the daughter of a more erratic poet, Stephen Hyrst, who sends her to England with not a penny in her pocket as the guest of a cousin who is in fact dead. By the help of a chain of coincidences she finally arrives at Mulberry Springs, an inland watering place rising into fame, and her adventures until she runs away from it, make an entertaining story.

'Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' by D. K. Broster (Murray, 6s. net), builds up round the ill-fated Quiberon expedition of 1795 a first-rate story of a French Royalist leader, his almost infatuated devotion to a child, and his love for a woman. The long arm of coincidence does, perhaps, reach out in a way that is only permitted in real life, and the leader takes risks for personal aims which the head of a movement should have avoided, but this is only to say that we have a romance before us. We share the love of Fortuné de la Vireville for Anne, and so will many other readers of this book, which may be recommended to all who like adventure with a happy ending.

'The Harbour of Refuge,' by Fred M. White (Ward, Lock, 5s. net) tells the story of Phil Carlyon, a young man who had run through his money for the satisfaction of Beatrice Wallace, and retired to a Cornish village, where he painted a masterpiece, and fell in love with the rector's daughter, Grace Vivian. Now, Mrs. Wallace is really the rector's wife, who had left him years before, and Grace Vivian was not really the rector's daughter, and Carlyon had never even kissed Mrs. Wallace but once, and then only to show that it had no effect on him, though of course Grace

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did not take that view of it. There is also an artist who buys Carlyon's masterpiece to pass it off as his own.

'Robert Shenstone,' by W. J. Dawson (Lane, 6s.), narrates the childhood, youth, and adolescence of a sensitive boy whose main adventures happened in the London of the seventies. It is influenced by the methods of William De Morgan, and is marked by an observation which is Dickensian in its character, though the author, even while describing the most grotesque situations, hardly goes beyond well-remembered facts. The connection between Lucille, Shenstone's child lover, and John Heron, his eccentric patron, is the only call made on romantic machinery in the course of this interesting and well-constructed story.

'Jitney and the Boys,' by Bennet Copplestone (Murray, 5s. net), is a father's story of the boys who were growing into youth in the years before the war, and of the happy days spent in Jitney, their motor car, which the boys soon took under their care. Motoring about England in their company is the backbone of the book, and it is written with a sympathy for youth and a regret for the sacrifices denied to their elders, that make the reader glad and sorry at once.

"Wild Honey" (Constable, 2s. 6d. net) by Cynthia Stockley is a reissue in Constable's Half-crown Library of one of Miss Stockley's most popular books. Readers need hardly be reminded that it contains seven short stories, all of them marked by a powerful situation, set in South Africa. The scenery is well described and the atmosphere of the country admirably brought out.

"Blue Flame" (Long, 5s. net) by Hubert Wales is the story of a clergyman in a comfortable family living who suddenly finds his religious convictions unsettled. He meets with a mentor (female) who takes him by the hand—literally—and introduces him to spirit rapping, automatic writing and séances, gets him to separate himself from his wife (she herself being like the little sister of the Song of Solomon) and rewards him with a kiss on the lips. After six months or so, a sudden shock sends him home to his wife and his parish.

FOLK TALES.

"Czech Folk Tales" (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d. net), translated by Josef Bandis, is a thoroughly good selection of Czech-Slovak folk tales in good English. Folklorists will recognise in them old friends with new faces: the point is that they do present new faces. Children will love the book, and the parent who does not give them a chance of reading it will have deprived them of a pleasure.

"Peasant Tales of Russia" (Scott, 3s. 6d. net) by V. I. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, is a collection of four stories. They are not peasant tales, one of them being about miners, a second officers, a third nuns, and the fourth convicts, but they are well worth reading—and not at all modern in feeling. The illustrations have little or nothing of the Russian character about them.

Power users will doubtless be interested in a recent publication entitled 'Vertical Gas Engines,' dealing with the Classification, Field of Service, Construction, Principle of Operation, Cooling, Gas, Methods of Lubrication, Oils and Deposits.

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